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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: :: Editor

INHUMAN AND UNWARRANTED

NOT since two brutal detectives shot to death a lad of nineteen who was running to get medical aid for his father, whom they had previously mortally wounded in a local hotel, where they had sought to arrest the older man on a technical charge, has the community been so stirred by the stupid action of the police within the last week. Two boys of tender age, 19 and 17 respectively, riding a motorcycle, were called upon by the officers to halt and because they did not at once respond they were treated to a fusillade of shots one of which found its fatal mark. Killing one lad the bullet plunged its cruel way into the body of the second rider who now lies, perhaps, mortally wounded, but making a brave struggle for life, aided by youth and a good constitution. It is incredible that so inhuman an act should have been committed by officers supposed to conserve the law, not render it a reproach. What had these boys done to deserve such treatment? It is charged that they had been speeding, but they were not detected in the act and the chase and subsequent shooting are to be attributed solely to the "suspicions" of the two hunters who without warrant and without evidence, apparently, undertook to stop the frightened, fleeing lads by a recourse to their pistols. It was a dastardly act. A witness testified before the coroner's jury that one of these guardians of the peace actually started to handcuff the surviving victim as he lay desperately wounded and gasping for life in the dust. We fail to see any reasonable excuse for the reprehensible conduct of the patrolmen and while they may escape the penitentiary because of the difficulty of proving which one is the actual murderer, surely, they have shown their unfitness to remain on the police force. We are glad to note that Chief Snively is to start a school of education at the Central station on the subject of arrests. It seems to be urgently needed.

DANA'S CENTENARY AND CALIFORNIA

CAMBRIDGE, Massachusetts, has been formally celebrating the centenary of Richard Henry Dana, whose "Two Years Before the Mast" makes him of near kin to Southern California, hence there should be more than passive interest evinced in the tribute paid by his native city to the eminent author. Six generations of Danas lived and died at Cambridge before Richard Henry appeared on the stage in 1815. The first of the name to come to America was Richard, who settled in Cambridge in 1640. Another Richard, great grandfather of the author, was a revolutionary patriot and his son, Francis, became minister to Russia and later, chief justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts. He was a high-toned federalist of the old school, who used to ride to court in his coach, and would have thought it undignified to travel the circuit unattended by his private servant. His son, Richard Henry, the father of the sailor boy, was a poet of philosophical vein, whose muse while replete with human feeling and sweet images was in no respect florid. He despised sham or filigree work. By his advice his son chose a student's life at home and entered Harvard, but injury to his eyesight compelled him to resign his books and for a remedy he resolved to rough it on a Pacific voyage as a sailor, shipping from Boston in the brig Pilgrim in August, 1834. With his experiences in the traffic for hides off this coast every student is familiar. He returned to Boston in 1836 and four years later appeared that classic "Two Years Before the Mast" in which Dana, then a young man of twenty-five, recounted the story of his life at sea. He proved

himself a master of narrative, as well as a thorough realist in this truthful depiction of a sailor's life, which probably accounts for its continued popularity. Re-entering Harvard Dana was graduated in 1837, studied law and began its practice in due course. He attained great distinction in his profession, was a prominent member of the Free Soil party of Massachusetts and was vigorous in his opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law. He died at Rome in 1882, his father having preceded him by only three years. California will ever be interested in this gifted man. As for the landing place off San Juan Capistrano, where the hides were pitched over from the high mesa to the shore below, it has become a mecca for Cambridge pilgrims ever since. It was only a few months ago that Mr. Dana's daughter and granddaughter visited the spot under the escort of Judge Egan of Capistrano, on their way home from a journey around the world.

TAXPAYERS NOT BOND MAD

WHILE the vote was light in city and county there was no mistaking the emphasis with which the long-suffering taxpayers rejected the proposal to add greater burdens to their already heavy load. By a vote averaging not less than three to one the projected road bond issue was peremptorily refused. It is a consummation hardly unexpected. The foolishness of the board of supervisors, to call it by no harsher term, was only equalled by the opacity of the city council in approving a bond election at so inauspicious a time. But the board of supervisors is a hopeless body. It has been goldbricked by the city council into taking over the white elephant cement mill, it has wasted the public funds on hog wire "rose trellises," and it has helped to foist on our public sidewalks the ridiculous sp-t boxes that encumber the business district. The vote that was registered Tuesday was quite as much in resentment of these absurdities as in opposition to the road bonds.

STATE ADMINISTRATION JOLTED

HERETOFORE, the public has found Governor Johnson ready at any moment to trust anything and everything to the decision of the dear people. So he is, so long as they decide his way. But this week they gagged at his dictation and lo! they are acclaimed as not understanding the questions laid before them and as needing education. Yet the governor did his best to enlighten them. He traveled up and down the state proclaiming the desirability of the proposed non-partisan laws and the administration organs supplemented his efforts to the extent of their powers. Curious that the executive's pet measures should receive nearly a two-to-one rebuff after such praiseworthy tutelage of the masses! Perhaps, the people were just a little skeptical as to what sort of nonpartisanship administration might result were party lines in the state obliterated. At any rate, there is no mistaking their sentiment. Emphatically, it is in favor of retaining the representative form of government as embodied in party principles as opposed to individual theories and individual machines. We believe it is a wise decision and congratulate the people on the outcome. With the defeat of these two amendments went nearly all the others. Attempt to double the term-length of superior court judges was properly resented by the people as an effort to get further away from their creators. Twelve years for the supreme bench is a reasonable term; but for the lower court, directly responsible to the masses, unwise. Rural credits amendment if lost, is to be attributed to the feeling that it placed too much power in the hands of a commission. Eventually, the system may be adopted, but it will have to be better safeguarded than the plan defeated proposed. Amendment No. 7 requiring a two-thirds vote of qualified electors in creating a bonded indebtedness by initiative proceedings deserved to carry, as did the exemption from taxation amendment, but the people evidently were exasperated by the continued demand upon their suffrages and, apparently, vented their displeasure by a general negative. Truth is, the special election was wholly unnecessary; there was no urgency about the nonpartisan bills; they might have waited until the next general election, which view applies pretty much to the others. While the defeat of all the amendments may be said to be a rebuke to Governor John-

son he was not an issue nor was his administration on trial. Nevertheless, his prestige has been dealt a blow that is not to be underrated. Incidentally, California has proved to the country that she is not yet ready to abandon all conservatism at the instigation of a dictatorial executive whose judgment in many matters has not been of the best. Tuesday's decision is a jolt to the administration. It was wholly unexpected.

LONGER LIFE FOR SAN DIEGO FAIR

PRESIDENT BULLA of the Chamber of Commerce is entitled to the hearty support of Southern California in his efforts to have the San Diego Exposition kept open through 1916. He has behind him the united organization of which he is the executive head and having pledged Los Angeles in the sum of \$75,000 toward defraying the maintenance expenses of the fair it is a matter of civic pride that this city make full response, as we feel confident it will. The Graphic pointed out three months ago the desirability of continuing the San Diego Exposition beyond the original time limit, the expense of which, we showed, would be comparatively small, as compared with the huge affair at San Francisco. That a number of choice exhibits from the northern exposition could be transferred to San Diego after December 4, thereby augmenting the attractions of the southern fair, was argued as possible, and subsequent developments have justified this premise. The charm of the San Diego exposition is of a subtle quality which is being generally recognized in the eastern publications. In the New York Nation of the current week Mr. William Macdonald pays warm tribute to both expositions. He finds the northern one vast and overpowering, the southern compressed and friendly. He writes: "Where the artists of the one sought and attained an eager, passionate brilliancy, those of the other strove, with equal success, for restfulness, devotion, and quiet charm. The one voices exuberance and revolt; the other while no less joyous is delicate and self-contained. Nowhere has the Spanish mission architecture been employed so successfully on so large a scale; while the landscape gardening, thanks in part to the superior artistic possibilities of the site—a high mesa overlooking the 'Harbor of the Sun'—is distinctly richer and more fascinating than that of San Francisco." This is expert testimony and is excellent publicity. It would be a crime to bring to a summary close the feast of architectural and landscape beauty provided by our enterprising neighbors at San Diego, hence we urge our people to join with the Chamber of Commerce in making possible an extension of at least one year in the maintenance of the exposition. We shall hope to see other substantial corporations and the big mercantile houses emulating the liberality of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company of this city in forwarding their contributions for the purpose herein set forth.

WHO SHALL SUCCEED KETTNER?

"BILL" Kettner of the Eleventh (California) Congressional district, has formally announced that he will not be a candidate to succeed himself at the next general election. He will retire from public life at the expiration of his present term March 4, 1917. Whether the energetic Democratic representative from San Diego has found living in Washington too expensive or the effort to get elected in a normally Republican district too wearing is not revealed, but it is certain that his experiences will not deter others from attempting to fill his shoes. Already, his fellowtownsman, Mr. Jefferson Davis—portentous name—has declared his intention of reaching out for the persimmons, but a Democrat other than "Bill" Kettner will, we opine, have a parlous time in the effort to induce a Republican majority to forego party choice. Perhaps, the Hon. J. C. Needham may be tempted to try again, although his former defeat does not augur well for success in a second venture. San Bernardino is looking with covetous eyes on the seat, and it is whispered that the stalwart editor of the Sun of that city, Mr. R. C. Harbison, will shy his hat into the ring. The district might do worse, but why the editor of a live daily paper should care to take any office under the sun—the double entendre here is not unpremeditated—is a mystery. On the principle that San Diego should yield in courtesy to the other end of the district, for a term or two, Harbi-

son, if he wants the office, ought to be able to land it as against an untried Democrat. Kettner has proved a good representative. He atones for any lack of cultural polish by his indomitable energy and loyalty to his friends, which latter trait, alas, not always has been productive of the best results. He disappointed many by voting for the free toll humbug, but mistaken California sentiment, possibly, was responsible for that lapse. It was hard for a Democrat from a Republican district who was then desirous of serving another term to be true to Democratic principles. Apropos, his loyalty to friends, let this single instance be illustrative: A constituent going abroad wanted a certain letter from the President and as he had to leave Washington within the hour, to catch his New York boat, it was imperative that Mr. Wilson be seen promptly. "Bill" Kettner hied at once to the White House, intent on his mission. The President was at dinner and could not be disturbed. "But I must see him at once," urged Kettner. "Impossible." "Whisper to him," said the insistent caller, "that 'Bill' Kettner of California wants to see him for a moment on a pressing matter." Reluctantly, the message was conveyed. The President, goodnaturedly, came out with a grin on his face. "Bill," explained his dilemma, Mr. Wilson signed the letter and utterly oblivious of his breach of etiquette away the San Diego man hastened to rejoin his impatient friend. He delivered the goods! This may explain why he is so popular in a strongly Republican district. But, apparently, "Bill" has had enough.

EQUAL SUFFRAGISTS WAIT ON VERDICT

PERHAPS, New Jersey may feel proud of her action in rejecting the proposed amendment of the state constitution to give women the same political rights that are accorded men, but the defeat of the measure last week argues rather a benighted collective state of mind of the voters of that member of the original thirteen states. It was not any inherent objection to equal suffrage that inspired the negative majority vote, alas, but the superexertions of the liquor interests, aided by the machine politicians of both the big parties, to retard a movement that, in the end will spell disaster to the alcoholic traffic. New Jersey has merely postponed the inevitable day, that is all. The unfortunate thing is that she was the first of four states to vote on a similar question and her decision may influence adversely the electorates of New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts next Tuesday, where, in each of the three states, the suffrage amendment comes to a vote. In New York the women are hopeful, having conducted a vigorous campaign that reflects great credit on the astute leaders. Should any one of these important states acquiesce in the proposition it will serve to strengthen the equal suffragists in their campaign for the submission of an amendment to the national constitution. With President Wilson committed to the movement it is certain that the Democratic platform for 1916 will contain an equal suffrage plank and that the platforms of the Republican and Prohibitionist parties will be similarly equipped is hardly to be doubted. Men of California and the other western states who have recognized the political rights of their women can assure their brethren east of the Alleghenies that, voter for voter, the women are just as competent, just as intelligent, as the men, and far more conscientious in studying the issues they are called upon to decide than the average male citizen.

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

ATTENDANCE at the Exposition has been entirely satisfactory to the directors throughout October, and it seems probable that in the next five weeks before the big show closes the total attendance will have passed the 18,000,000 mark. The last financial report published showed a net cash income of more than a million and a quarter up to October 3. The largest attendance last week was 92,000 on Edison Day. The income for the eighth period, from September 6 to October 3 was \$742,725, and the expenditure \$391,625. The report of the comptroller says, "At the present rate of profit, there will be nearly a million dollars in cash on closing day, and it will then depend on the results of the post-Exposition activities whether or not this sum materially changed."

Every effort is being made by energetic special committees to insure the success of "San Francisco Day" which is to be celebrated next Tuesday and for which Governor Johnson has declared a state legal holiday. Already, 150,000 tickets have been sold, and those in charge of the celebration will not be satisfied with an attendance of less than 300,000. Season ticket-holders are asked to pay a cash admission in honor of the day, and it is hoped that the badge inscribed "I Paid" will be universally worn. There are those sanguine enough to predict that St. Louis' record of 404,000 will be surpassed. The big feature of the day's festivities is to be a pageant-parade in which twenty-five nations and states will participate. A sham battle and numerous dancing carnivals are among other attractions on the elaborate program.

Despite San Francisco's genius for festivities, there is considerable grumbling among business men con-

cerning the frequent recurrence of legal holidays which are likely to make a hole in the receipts at the end of the month. Governor Johnson's declaration of Tuesday of this week as a legal holiday on account of the non-party referendum election was not universally popular. The governor's own interest in the fate of the measures to which he has devoted so much time and eloquence for the last few weeks was apparently far keener than that of many thousands who entirely ignored the election.

At the eleventh hour the opposition to the abolition of party designations at state elections aroused itself sufficiently to hold a mass meeting at Dreamland rink on Saturday night. John B. Curtin and Samuel M. Shortridge were the orators of the occasion.

Interest in the city election November 9 was reduced to the minimum by the decisive results of the primary. Mayor Rolph's personal influence, however, will be tested in the contest for the nine vacancies on the board of supervisors. One candidate, John C. Kortick, was the mayor's own nominee for a vacancy on the old board, but Mr. Kortick's name was not included in the candidates selected by the Municipal Conference, eight of whose selections led at the primary poll.

Judge Crothers after astonishing the community by making all preparations for acceding to Schmitz' petition for a recount reversed his decision at the last moment. Curiously enough, Judge Crothers recognized technical insufficiency in the Schmitz petition of a similar nature to the omissions in the Schmitz indictment of seven years ago which caused the supreme court to upset his conviction. The argument which caused Judge Crothers to alter his intention was made by former Chief Justice Matt Sullivan. But, still, we are not to hear the last of Eugene Schmitz. It is said that he intends to run for congress.

Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Douglas of Los Angeles has been a notable figure at the sessions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy who are being entertained this week at the Exposition. Mrs. Douglas presented to the convention the bill drawn by Senator John D. Works which provides for a national home for veterans of the Confederacy and their widows, and the Daughters pledges their support of the bill. They are still emphatic in their objections to the term "civil war," and insist on their preference, "war of the states."

Although, under present conditions, the city seems well supplied with theaters, one more is to be built at Ellis and Mason streets. It is to be another "temple of vaudeville." The site cost \$350,000, and the architect's plans call for the expenditure of probably \$500,000.

Curiously enough, Theodore Roosevelt and Hiram Johnson both became grandfathers again simultaneously last Saturday.

Considerable sympathy may be expressed for an able seaman from the U. S. S. Dakota who was up in Judge Dooling's court the other day to secure his final naturalization papers. "Who makes the laws in California?" asked the chief naturalization examiner. "Governor Hiram Johnson," replied the sailor. The court sent him away for a further course of study.

Victor Herbert, who today is probably the best known of our native composers, is here preparing for a series of concerts which he is to give with the Exposition Orchestra. Herbert is an acknowledged champion of so called "light" music, and has little use for Richard Strauss or Debussy in their recent moods of "cacophony." He is a thorough believer in melody and measures that are easily assimilated by the crowd, but he draws the line at "Tipperary" which he considers monstrous and even insulting to Hibernian taste. Nevertheless, the lift of "Tipperary" appeals so ubiquitously to the human ear that it has recently been rendered in Chinese.

Oliver Morosco's "So Long Letty," is going strong in its third week at the Cort. It is distinguished by being one of the very few popular successes of an unprecedentedly dull year at the theaters.

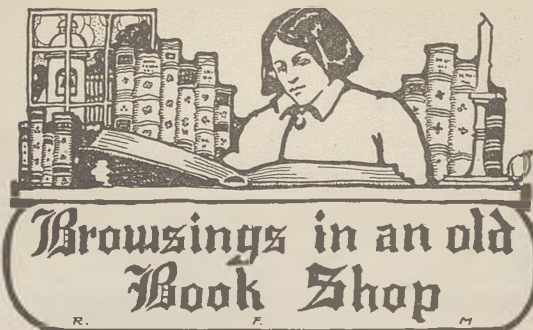
Tennis enthusiasts are looking forward to the first public appearance of Miss Molla Bjurstedt, the Norwegian girl who captured the United States woman's championship this year. Miss Bjurstedt has entered for the Pacific Coast championship tournament which opens on the California Club's courts next Saturday. Her principal opponent will be Mrs. G. W. Wightman, formerly Hazel Hotchkiss, who held the national championship for three years. It is said that Mrs. Bundy will not contest.

Who is the most popular citizen of California? It takes an outsider to spot him. According to John Temple Graves, in an article in the current Cosmopolitan, "undoubtedly" he is to be found in the person of Senator James D. Phelan. Evidently, William Randolph Hearst's residence is insufficient for him to qualify.

San Francisco, Oct. 27.

Why Telegraph Editors Squirm

That the cause of peace did not receive any impetus in the recall of Austrian Ambassador Dumba is the opinion which I understand prevails in newspaper offices here and elsewhere. Since the departure of the ambassador copyreaders have had to wrestle with the names of the three remaining Austrians at the American embassy who are Councillor Baron Erick Zweidnek von Sudenhorst, Second Secretary Hedry de Hedri et de Genere Aba and Attache Alfred zu Hohenlohe Schillingfurst. The secretary in many quarters is already known simply as Aba but no royal road to a designation of the councillor seems to have been hit upon.



HOW I envy Irving Way that dedication to him by Andrew Lang of his "Letters on Literature," a sort of supplemental volume to his "Letters to Dead Authors," in which I "browsed" a few weeks ago. Here is Irving Way with us in Los Angeles, knowing books, good books, as it is given few persons in this automobinistic period of unrest to do, and his great store of reading, his wonderful acquaintance with authors, his reminiscences, rich in anecdote, what does it profit him, commercially? People, alas, are not buying books as they should, they are not sowing their minds for future harvesting. The reading habit is being neglected and with it the purveyor of good books, standard works in staple bindings, of literature that should be in every self-respecting household is cold-shouldered. But what a solace, ethically, remains to one like Irving Way who was persona grata with Andrew Lang, a crony of Eugene Field, who is the intimate of Thomas B. Mosher of Biberiot fame, the warm friend of Bliss Carman, and in correspondence with scores of men of literary worth of national and international fame. Andrew Lang writes in the "dedication" of "Letters on Literature," which is my find at the Old Book Shop this week: "Dear Mr. Way. After so many letters to people who never existed, may I venture a short one, to a person very real to me, though I have never seen him, and only know him by his many kindnesses? Perhaps you will add another to these by accepting the dedication of a little work, of a sort experimental in English, and in prose, though Horace—in Latin and in verse—was successful with it long ago? Very Sincerely Yours, A. LANG."

At the time, twenty years ago, Mr. Way was living in Topeka, Kansas. As the first letter is addressed to Mr. Arthur Wincott, Topeka, we may be sure of whom Mr. Lang had in mind, although he tells us in his preface that the individuals addressed are all people of fancy. The author's object was to discuss a few literary topics with more freedom and personal bias than might be permitted in a graver kind of essay. As Mr. Browning was alive at the time Lang was writing to Wincott on English poetry, it is apparent that the author was a trifle handicapped in his comments, but he acquitted himself handsomely. Why was Browning so obscure? Well, even his darkest poems may be made out by a person of average intelligence who will read them as hard as, for example, he would find it necessary to read the "Logic" of Hegel, which is consolatory, to say the least. Lang on personal preference places Matthew Arnold at the head of contemporary English poets. Not that he had the many melodies of the laureate (Tennyson), nor his versatile mastery, nor his magic, nor his copiousness. He has not the microscopic glance of Browning, he is doubting, didactic, protestant, and other drawbacks voiced by his critics, but, says Lang, he carries us back to "wet bird-haunted English lawns," like him "we know what white and purple fritillaries the grassy harvest of the river yields;" with him we try to practice resignation, and to give ourselves over to that spirit

Whose purpose is not missed,
While life endures, while things subsist.

It is interesting to get Lang's estimate of the poetry of Robert Bridges, written at a time when the present laureate's name even was known to few, let alone his verse. He finds in all of Mr. Bridge's poems a certain austere and indifferent beauty of diction and a memory of the old English poets, Milton and the earlier lyrists. He recalls being greatly pleased with the "Elegy on a Lady whom Grief for the Death of her Betrothed Killed:"

Let the priests go before arrayed in white,
And let the dark-stoled minstrel follow slow
Next they that bear her, honored on this night,
And then the maidens in a double row,
Each singing soft and low,
And each on high a torch upstaying:
Unto her lover lead her forth with light,
With music and with singing, and with praying.

Who will not agree with Lang that this is a stately stanza? To William Morris and to Swinburne the author of the "letters" pays fine tribute and then he turns his attention to Henry Fielding. With gentle satire he addresses "Mrs. Goodhart," in the upper Mississippi Valley, who has assured him that a thousand copies of the works of Rev. E. P. Roe are sold for every two copies of Fielding, which appears to him to speak oddly for taste in the upper Mississippi Valley. He tells Mrs. Goodhart that no man who cares for books can neglect the author of "Tom Jones," and adds that many women are quite manly enough, have good sense enough and good taste enough to benefit by "Amelia," by much of "Tom Jones," and reminds his fanciful correspondent that Thackeray said "Fielding was the last of our writers who drew a man, and he certainly did not study from a draped model." Then Lang proceeds to extol Fielding's genius as a depicter of humanity, not overlooking his defects, however. He closes in these words: "But I cannot convert you. You will turn to a story about store-clerks and summer visitors. Such is his fate who argues with the fair."

To Longfellow's qualities Andrew Lang was no stranger. He recognized the fact that though our leading American poet was not a very great magician and master of language "he has often, by sheer force of

plain sincerity, struck exactly the right note, and matched his thought with music that haunts us and will not be forgotten." He finds Longfellow the exact antithesis of Poe, who, with all his science of verse and ghostly skill, has no humanity, or puts none of it into his lines. "One is the poet of Life, and everyday life; the other is the poet of Death and of bizarre shapes of death, from which heaven deliver us." Lang considers "Hiawatha" the best of the poet's longer efforts, because of its great sympathy with men and women, with nature, beasts, birds, weather, and winds and snow. From Longfellow Lang gravitates to that real master of language, Keats, and to "Thomas Egerton, Esq.," of Latham College, Oxford, he writes of Sidney Colvin's then new life of the wondrous word-painter whose "Eve of St. Agnes," to my thinking, is one of the finest poems in the English language. But it is of John Hamilton Reynolds, a close friend, rather than of Keats, that he descants and of Tom Hood's brother-in-law, himself a poet, he reveals much of interest. Many of the Reynolds' stanzas are worthy of Keats. Here is one, from the "Romance of Youth," which applies to Keats:

He read and dreamt of young Endymion,
Till his romantic fancy drank its fill;
He saw that lovely shepherd sitting lone,
Watching her white flocks upon Ida's hill;
The Moon adored him—and when all was still,
And stars were wakeful—she would earthward stray,
And linger with her shepherd love, until
The hooves of the steeds that bear the car of day
Struck silver light in the east, and then she waned away.

There are four letters to "Lady Violet Lebas." Lang confesses in his preface that the name chosen is an invention of Thackeray, which he has appropriated. I am glad he did. In his first letter he discourses of Virgil, one of the most beautiful and moving figures in the whole of literature. "How sweet," he says, "must have been that personality which can still win our affections, across eighteen hundred years of change, and through the mists of commentaries, and school books, and traditions!" Lang admits his enthusiasm for Virgil, which dated back to his schoolboy days when a bust of the Roman poet, in white marble stood on a pedestal in the classroom—he is romancing—and won his personal affection. Well, he is not alone in his admiration and esteem for the famous Mantuan, the intimate friend of Horace and of Maecenas. From Virgil to "Aucassin and Nicolette" in the second letter to Lady Violet is a "right smart jump," but it only goes to prove the versatility as well as the universality of Andrew Lang's mind. The story is measurably old—twelfth century, at least—and probably originated in Picardy. As to the author it has not been divulged. Who that knows literature is not acquainted with this overmastering love story, "without conscience or care of aught but the beloved." One of my treasures is a little volume in dainty binding of Lang's own version of "Aucassin and Nicolette" and I confess to having made essay in verse, years ago, of their loves. It was written in that foolish time

"When I was young, as you are young,
And lutes were touched and songs were sung!
And love-lamps in the windows hung!"

To Lady Violet, Lang recalls briefly the story of the lovers, account of which has been edited, annotated and equipped by Francis W. Bourdillon, whose exquisite poem "Light," beginning "The Night has a Thousand Eyes," has endeared him to all lovers of literature. Those of my readers who would renew their acquaintance with "Aucassin and Nicolette" cannot do better than send for a copy of Bourdillon's translation. In his third letter to Thackeray's creation, Lang treats of Plotinus, who taught philosophy in Rome in the second century and who wrote a large number of treatises that I regret to say I have not read. I believe he was a pagan, but an optimistic one. Lang quotes his last words: "I am striving to release that which is divine within us, and to merge it in the universally divine." A strange mixture of philosophy and savage survival, notes Lang.

Lucretius, that noblest Roman poet, is the subject of a letter to the "Rev. Martin Geotrey," of Oxford, and then "Philip Doddsworth," a "Young American Book-hunter" of New York is addressed on his passion for collecting. Lang truly remarks that not any collector reads all his books. The old editions we buy mainly for their beauty, and the sentiment of their antiquity and their associations. Dear Andrew! He collected not because he had any special object or system, but because sentiment, or cheapness or curiosity aroused him to the acquisition. But he gives valuable advice to Philip, especially on the attainment of American first editions.

Considering the charming poetic vein in Andrew Lang his letter on "Vers de Societe" to "Mr. Gifford Hopkins"—a Dr. Holmes' creation—is of peculiar interest. From Ovid, Martial and other of the poets of old Lang turns to Herrick, Carew, Lovelace and Suckling, Praed and Locker-Lampson, "poets of our own speech, lighter lyrics of our own time." I wish that Mr. Ed W. Howe of Kansas, who confessed that he had never heard of Dobson, Prior, Locker or Praed might read this letter by Lang. Of his contemporary Americans Lang confesses a preference for Bret Harte. He thinks Harte's poems have never been sufficiently esteemed. Perhaps, he is right.

I like Mrs. Lang's "letter" on Richardson. Her husband, in his preface, says she is more frequently his critic than his collaborator. It is amusing to recall that "Sir Charles Grandison" created such a stir. The book was published in separate numbers and they were awaited with impatience by Richardson's "lady friends and correspondents, and even by the artist world," including Colley Cibber. Nobody would waste through it nowadays except to study the sort of literature that engaged the rapt attention of mid-eighteenth century readers. All who know Richardson will agree with Mrs. Lang that he was as much a woman's novelist as Fielding was a man's. She quotes Dr. Johnson's mot: "Claret for boys, port for men and," smiling, "brandy for heroes," and adds that one might fancy him saying "Richardson for women, Fielding for men, Smollet for

ruffians." To which latter I file objections as one "ruffian" who found "Roderick Random" and "Peregrine Pickle" immensely entertaining as a lad.

There is a letter on Gerard de Nerval and his Sylvie which reveals Lang at his best. He loved to delve in the romantic French school of 1830 and Gerard's "Sylvie" is one of the little masterpieces of the world. To read it is to bring back youth, to summon April, to hear the birds trilling in the hedges, the winds sighing in the boughs, the lip-lip of the brook under the rustic bridges. Last of the letters is to an imaginary youngster at Eton College to whom the writer is supposed to have sent a copy of Rider Haggard's "She." "You want to know if 'She' is a true story? Of course it is!" replies Lang, stoutly and without a quaver. He also gives a glance at the story of John Tanner who was captured by the Indians as a boy and lived with the redmen until he was an old man. It is long out of print, but once in a while a copy turns up and I have left an open order at the Old Book Shop to lay violent hands on the first "narrative" of John's captivity and adventures that strays in. Again, I express my envy of W. Irving Way, not "W. J. Way" as Lang invariably addressed his former Topeka correspondent, for having been so honored.

S. T. C.

ART—WITH A SIDE EXCURSION TO NATURE

By Randolph Bartlett

I HAVE seen a performance at the Bandbox Theater by the Washington Square Players, and I have taken a sixteen-mile walk through a perfect October landscape, in the last week. Taking the two experiences by and large, I feel that I received rather more benefit from the walk than from the plays. Until I took the walk, I intended to write an extensive review of the Bandbox productions, but there is nothing makes the superficialities of the theater pale into insignificance, like a good wholesome bath in God's out-of-doors. This is why the playhouse flourishes in the winter, but is forced to close its doors in summer. It is not because men and women have neither the time nor the money to go to the theater when the weather is fine, but the trappings of the stage lose their lure.

Having permitted nearly a week to go by before writing the review of the Bandbox plays, I shall probably not do them justice—as plays. As an incident, the occasion has taken its proper place in perspective; for purposes of comparison with other things that are being done on the stage, the edge has worn off. However, this may be said at all times of the Bandbox theater—that it is the one sincere effort toward dramatic art in New York on a commercial basis. There are neighborhood theaters here and there, conducted on purely philanthropic lines, but the Bandbox, launched as a co-operative idea, was a sufficient success in its first season, that its second has now found new impetus and public support. The co-operative plan has been abandoned. The more important players and attaches are paid for their services, instead of being given a certain share of the profits, as this was found necessary in order to obtain consistent talent. The seating capacity is about the same as that of the Los Angeles Little Theater, but the prices are 50 cents and \$1. The following quotation from the theater's announcement will give a fair idea of its aim and scope:

"The Washington Square Players are a group of actors, artists and authors interested in stimulating and developing new and artistic methods of acting, producing and writing for the American stage. We intend during the coming year to continue the policy already established by us of producing new works by American authors and important plays of foreign dramatists that would not otherwise be given a hearing. In addition, we plan to give longer dramas as well as those of one act, and to introduce a system of repertory, presenting in the course of the season at least five new bills and possibly giving private productions of certain plays of great interest which are unsuited to public performance. We have also arranged for a series of lectures on topics connected with the drama to be given by authorities in their respective fields. In all this work it is our intention to adhere to our custom of free experiment without which we believe progress in the theatre to be impossible."

For the first bill of the season, four one-act pieces were presented. The performance opened with "Fire and Water," a comedy of the war by Hervey White. This sketch is based upon the idea which has become generally accepted, that soldiers are human beings, but it calls for a rather elastic performance by the imagination in presupposing that two armies will use the same water supply, and not engage in a battle to see which shall have undisputed possession of the well. However, on this neutral ground an officer and a private of the French army meet a similar pair from the German trenches, and exchange courtesies. The Frenchmen give the Germans tobacco, and a private dresses a wound he may, quite possibly, have caused. But it leads nowhere past the point that was admitted in the beginning, that soldiers are human beings.

"Night of Snow" is a cheerful little episode, ending in a double suicide, translated from the Italian by Roberto Bracco. A man marries a prostitute, knowing her past history, and she reforms. He is out of work, and a child is expected. His own mother is also an unfortunate woman, and she comes with an offer of assistance, but he spurns her in his righteousness, owing to the source of her earnings, and finally, in his wrath, rushes from the home, apparently for good. The curtain goes down upon the spectacle of the young woman feeding a charcoal fire, while the older one stuffs the cracks in the room with bedding. It is difficult to see what this is intended to suggest as a lesson from life. Incidentally, the acting is atrocious, melodramatic, but, after all, quite in keeping with the drama.

"Helena's Husband" is the joy of the evening. Alas, that the modern drama should be forced to rely upon mere farce—travesty farce at that—to sustain its life! Yet that is the situation exactly. "Helena's Husband," described as an "historical comedy" is by Philip Moeller, and is nothing more nor less than a Bernardshaw-

ization of the elopement of Paris of Troy with Helen of Sparta. Helena is young and, in the person of Noel Haddon, I might add, quite lives up to the tradition of pulchritude. Menelaus is old, but Helena insists, much to his disgust, upon calling him "Moo-moo." The fact of the matter is that Menelaus is worried sick by his young wife, and is delighted when she runs away with Paris. But there is a grand old bromide in the household, Analytikos, who makes a speech from the balcony to the populace, and gets them interested in a war on Troy, while Menelaus hides at his feet, pulls at his robe and tries to get him to stop, speaking in vague terms of their unpreparedness. It is dandy fun, and worth seeing twice, particularly Noel Haddon.

The evening closes with Percy Mackaye's Yankee fantasy, "The Antick," a grotesque exposition of what happens when the spirit of freedom clashes with that of conventionality and tradition in a small, narrow community. It is not new. I remember reviewing it when it was printed in a book about three years ago. The performance is notable, however, for two things. One is the persistent attempt of Lydia Lopokova, who is an excellent dancer, to be an actress, in which art she is only third rate. The other is the simple and striking stage effect of an artless back drop showing a field of highly conventional flowers, something in the form of the large garden poppies, and deep crimson in color. It suggests at once the stiffness of the village life, the atmosphere of sacred beans. To my mind it was the cleverest thing in the entire evening's exposition of modern dramatic art.

But with all its shortcomings, there is this feeling that no person can escape upon attending a performance at the Bandbox—that here is a coterie of young men and women (for nearly everyone you see about the place is youthful) interested less in the financial results of an enterprise, than in the doing of it. There is sincerity even in the things which seem least notorious, and excepting in the one instance mentioned, there is a delightful absence of the trickeries of "type" acting, in which a play is built around an actor's ability to gurgle.

* * *

But I think I found the real perspective on New York theaters most satisfactorily, under the old elms—I think they were elms—on the campus at Princeton. We—the Boy from the West and I—went to the college town Saturday afternoon, and had our first view of the magnificent collection of buildings in the glow of late afternoon. I never was much of a success at hating people, but I am positive that I could cordially and consistently hate anyone who would blab in such circumstances. The Boy From the West sensed it too, possibly even more intensely, for he is a college man himself, and so we roamed about the campus, every turn or the path speaking of some venerable tradition. I understood at once why it is that an education at one of these eastern universities is so much more valuable than the same course of instruction at the younger institutions of the west. For a youth who has in him any serious aspirations or thoughts, it would be impossible to live in such an atmosphere as that of Princeton without an elevation of these thoughts and aspirations to a higher plane. And then, incongruously enough, I began thinking of theaters and plays. With the light falling aslant through the splendid trees, and the vine-clad buildings, simple and dignified in architecture, casting long shadows, it was easy to sift the realities from the superficialities of existence. It was a dream hour, a time for visions and self-revelation.

Sunday morning dawned in a manner that seemed to be a direct understanding on the part of nature that the Boy From the West and I desired to walk. After having awakened every morning for several successive months to the din of Broadway, there was material for a Wordsworthian ode in the wrangle of a family of birds over a small breakfast matter in a tree outside my window, when I opened my eyes and other four senses to the glories of October. However, I decided to live the poem and write it another time, and within half an hour we were swinging (I believe that is the term) along the rock road toward the city of New Brunswick, sixteen and one-half miles away. It was a stretch of the great Lincoln highway we traversed, and the heels of my shoes testify to its hardness. The road, however, was the least consideration—at the beginning of the tramp at all events. For several miles in either direction the country sloped away from the high ridge along which lay our course, and I do not hope ever to see a more magnificent picture than that which unfolded itself, and changed inch by inch into ever more enchanting forms and colors. A triumphant red was the dominant note in the landscape. The gods of fruitage were celebrating the close of a successful season. Vivid splashes of crimson, unbelievably impressionistic, stood out everywhere. Whole huge trees were afire with it along the edges of the woodland, and in the meadows, low bushes of it would crop up unexpectedly. It was the blare of brass in the color symphony. Commoner, but not so dominant, were the yellows. On a sloping hillside we counted the tops of a score of great round poplars protruding like straw stacks, or gigantic harvest apples; while now and then, close at hand, there was a miracle of beauty in a maple tree in its transition stage, the edges of the leaves still green, shading inward to a ripe yellow at the midrib. The oaks shunned both the strident red and the plebeian yellow, and were garbed in a distinctive bronze, suited to their long established position in the society of trees. So it went on, with delicate variants of these major tones, for miles and miles. At times, our road was hemmed in on both sides by this woodland picture, and then again we would have a view of a sweep of valley with a high ridge at the horizon, and all painted with the same reckless lavishness of pigment.

Quaint scenes there were too, among this lurid display. At Kingston (so called, possibly, because it is the father of Princeton, perhaps), we crossed an old canal, with its locks in which the timbers are rickety and rotting, but still in operation, for the towpath showed signs of having been in rather extensive recent use. And beside the locks are a few old houses and a tele-

graph office, indicating that this artery of commerce is not yet abandoned. The sleepy old canal lured us strongly, but we found that it took about twice as many miles to reach our destination as did the road, so we sighed regretfully and passed on. Fine old homes we passed, the shape of the windows and general appearance denoting respectable age, and there were ramshackle houses, looking as if the slightest wind would topple them over, but still inhabited by shiftless negroes, or still more shiftless white folk.

All this time the Sunday automobile parties were hurrying past us in both directions. These are the occasions when I find it most difficult to repress the latent snobbishness of my disposition. The sixteen miles which we covered in five hours, they would traverse in not more than half an hour, but at the end of the day, having ridden sixty or a hundred miles, or more, what would they know of what they had seen? Would they be able to say more than a bromidic, "Oh, you should see the country! It's beautiful!" Were they not too much immersed in the unimportant matter of going somewhere, to be interested in the really important thing of being somewhere? For myself, the joys of the automobile are not entirely unknown to me, but I can remember no ride in which what I saw became so completely a part of what I am, as did this tramp along the Lincoln Highway from Princeton to New Brunswick, in which we registered the humble pace of about three and one-fifth miles an hour.

One incident of the day was a classic. In the course of the walk we came upon a little lean-to where pop and such small beer was sold, and paused for a moment's rest and refreshment. As we stood there one of Nature's Noblemen came from the house nearby with a big basket of the most tempting apples I have seen this year. I inquired if one might purchase a small quantity, say five cents' worth, for immediate consumption.

"I'll go in the house and get some," said Nature's Nobleman, which we thought very handsome of him, supposing he did not regard the poor things in the basket as good enough for the retail trade. In due course he returned, with a paper bag which, from its size, I judged must contain seven or eight of the apples. My mouth by this time was watering most awfully and, not even waiting to pay for the fruit, I opened the bag and discovered—a lot of scrawny things that looked like windfalls from a crab-apple tree. I looked up to protest, but Nature's Nobleman had disappeared, so I protested to the octogenarian clerk of the soda fountain, if I may call it such.

"He says, 'Haven't ye got any like them on the top of the basket?'" called out the ancient party.

"That's all the tops I got," came the frank reply. "I ain't goin' to spoil them automobile baskets for no nickel's worth."

We forewent the joys of newlaid apples, and resumed our tramp, with sundry reflections upon the devious ways of the honest sons of toil. Later, however, we satisfied our hunger for apples in the more satisfactory manner of observing the traditions of tramps, by stealing half a dozen. In this, however, we should have felt much more certain of our ground had the trees been fenced and the apples of a better quality. However, we picked them off the trees, so that helped a little.

Too soon for our eyes, but none too soon for our feet, the glorious October day's adventure drew to a close in the sorry-looking little city of New Brunswick—a sad sight after those through which we had passed. So we hurried through, boarded a fast trolley for Newark, dived into the Hudson Tube, emerged in Manhattan, hastened to a hot bath and then to the Cafe of the Cameo, and from hors d'oeuvres to cafe noir lived over again the many delights of a perfect day.

New York, October 25, 1915.

Psychology of Sidewalk Humanity

When Julius R. Black delivered himself last week of his sage reflections concerning the paucity of imagination of a city which will allow its principal thoroughfare to be called "Broadway," he had by no means exhausted the philosophic comments which the busy streets of Los Angeles awaken within him. Julius this week was pleased to pass his remarks onto my readers: "In the genesis of a street's existence it is a road bare of any copartnership with sidewalks. In the beginning of things urban it is the life that flows down the road of it, which makes the street, in the end, and particularly in this mercantile age, it is the sidewalks that make the street. And so, in turn, it is not the shops that make our Broadway, it is the sidewalk ebb-and-flow of spendthrift humanity. And it is jammed to the guards! The people who crowd these walks are energetic and gregarious. They like to gather in thick, pushing masses, in the violent penetration of which the hurried business man incurs dangers of ascending blood pressure. And where they thin out into the living stream there is this thing to remember about them—that their characteristic walking mode is cheerful, care-free, distinctly optimistic. And why not? In the great stock exchange of human nature, as the late J. P. Morgan long ago pointed out, the public is usually to be found on the bull side of the market—and so they are to be found today. Times are said to be hard, business dull, money tight. Yet in the demeanor of the sidewalk crowd there is no indication of any of these things. By its attitude we must judge that all is right with the world and that life is full of cheer. Again, why not? Here is an obvious bit of psychology: the crowd has a right to feel cheerful, for it does the buying—or it does not do the buying. It makes times good, bad or indifferent by the way in which it spends its money, and it is no less light-hearted when saving, than when spending. There is, unfortunately, one man with whom this particular psychology plays hob,—the man in the counting-room. By the vagaries of the money-spending crowd the state of his digestion is subject to the most violent of fluctuations. Let us not resist too strongly the dressy lure of shop windows, but enter the place and spend a little money for his stomach's sake."

LITTLE BOY



You are just turning three
Little boy!
Very charming to see
Little boy!
With a brave, eager face
And your fervor and
grace,
Mark the stamp of your
race
Little boy!

What does life to you
mean
Little boy?
From your vantage-point
seen
Little boy?
Is it candy and toys
Is it infinite noise,
Just like all little boys,
Little boy?
In your rompings and glee
Little boy,
Come reminders of me
Little boy:
For your grandmothers
say
In your pranks and your
play,
You have copied my way,
Little boy!

Was I once as you are
Little boy?
In the vanished days far
Little boy?
Did I laugh, did I run,
Did I leap in the sun,
And were you and I one
Little boy?

When you climb in my lap
Little boy,
And lie down for a nap
Little boy,
I remember the time
In my baby-hood's prime,
When I so used to climb,
Little boy.

But at last you're in bed
Little boy!
Dimpled fingers outspread
Little boy!
All a-weary of play
With your gold curls astray,
And, "Lord love you" we pray,
Little boy.

—ERNEST MCGAFFEY

Advertised by Our Loving Friends

This is the time of year when California is advertised by its loving friends, even without the activities of Frank Wiggins and his Chamber of Commerce. From Brooklyn I learn that at the coming "Poly Prep Alumni" production, which is to be given next spring and which is one of the great society events of the year in that city, the following lyric by Jeremiah F. Donovan will be featured:

When that wonderful time draws nigh, dear,
When you and I are one,
We shall go to California,
Where shines the golden sun.
We shall start on new life there, love,
And it can't begin too soon.
I'll take you to the Sunset Land
To spend our honeymoon
In the Land of Honeymoon.

This sort of publicity is the kind that cannot be bought, but may be created. How well it has been created by the enthusiastic citizens of this state is shown by the editorial which Colliers was pleased to print in a recent issue, in which this bouquet is tendered:

"By the time this is printed about one-sixth of our eneither the visitors or the absentees seen California? expositions and found them very good. The Sunday supplements have shown their towers and gardens and endless other wonders to the stay-at-homes; but have either the visitors or the absentees seen California That commonwealth is not composed of tourist routes, bungalows, and real-estate agents. You ought to get out on some hilly byroad between vineyards where the evening air is heavy with the smell of grapes and the sun is setting in glory behind the Coast Range. There are folks worth knowing in all those trim little villages, whether the shade trees are pine, eucalyptus, or palm, or just oil derricks. People live and like it in California, and that is the chief industry of the state, though other things get more advertising. The electrical engineers have done wonders at the expositions, but what are all their lighting effects compared to the velvet splendor of a clear California night? Stars like the magic of a poet's dream and a wind that is the marching song of the spheres, and about you a rich, deep-hearted land that rivets the love of those it claims—that is the true California; but no one ever saw it indoors or under lights or from the windows of a limited train."

Youth

I am the quiver of leaves in the spring,
The thrill in the song that meadow-larks sing,
The message the gay yellow daffodils bring—
I am Youth!

My breath is the sweetness of sun-warmed flowers,
My tears are the coolness of soft summer showers,
My sighs are the shadows of idle-lost hours,—
I am Youth!

—RUTH ILSE RAYMOND



Banker Phil Wilson and Caesar's Motto

Will friends of Phil Wilson—the banker, not the secretary of the realty board—kindly refrain from twitting the president of the Traders' Bank on his handiness with a saw, at least, until his broken ankle is healed. Phil has a ranch to which he retreats week-ends to disport like Cincinnatus, only instead of the plough he betook himself last Saturday to the saw, starting to trim his grove of mahogany trees—I think they are mahogany. While figuring out a proposition in Euclid and not intent upon the work in hand, he sat out on the end of a limb and sawed between him and the main trunk. He was completely successful in severing the growth, reaching the hard ground twenty feet below simultaneously with the branch, but he had to be carried to the house and now wears his ankle in a cast. This illustrates the disadvantage of taking the short end of anything. Phil is now studying, with a new light, that celebrated motto of Caesar's, "I came, I sawed, I conquered!"

William H. Workman III's Advent

Congratulations have been showered upon "Uncle Billy" Workman of late because of the advent of his first grandson, William H. Workman III., born to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Workman, Jr. The youngest William is of the fourth generation of Workmans to live in Los Angeles, his great grandfather having arrived here in 1854. But thirteen years prior to that had come the original William Workman, "Don Julian" with that first notable emigration party that started from Pennsylvania, and included such pioneers as John Rowland, B. D. Wilson, D. W. Alexander, F. P. Temple and William Workman, a great granduncle of William III. It is a far cry from 1841 to 1915 in considering the history of Los Angeles, and when William III. is old enough to review that stretch he may well be proud of his forbears. He was born in the old home on Boyle Heights where was also born his father, the maternal homestead of his grandmother, built by Andrew A. Boyle, in honor of whom that residence section was named. My felicitations to "Uncle Billy" and to the proud parents. May William III. live to see 2000 A. D. ushered in on Los Angeles.

Why the Vote Was Light

Of all the bizarre retreats in which to plant an election booth surely no more grotesque spot was ever selected than that to which voters of the fifty-second precinct were forced to go to exercise their suffrage privilege Tuesday. After climbing skyward half a section of Angel's flight to Clay street the diligent citizen turned to the left to the rear of what was once a no-questions-asked hotel, notorious for a murder and suicide affair. Diving down a dozen little stone steps he came to a subterranean corridor, where a thoughtful sign in red ink, marked "Fire escape this way," greeted his perturbed gaze. Then, obliquing to the left, he pursued a lateral corridor forty feet to a spot of white, which objective proved to be the polling booth. Possibly, women voters had courage enough to go that far to exercise their civil duty, but I doubt it. No wonder the vote was light.

Memoriam to A. C. Blicke

Seeking to express the grief which the death of the late A. C. Blicke caused that little group of musicians composed of Adolph Tandler, Axel Simonson and Rudolph Kopp, who left Vienna and came to Los Angeles at the suggestion of the public spirited music lover, Mr. Tandler has written an Andante Cantabile which will be played at the first symphony concerts of the season, to be given November 26 and 27 at Trinity. The composition is intended as a memoriam to Mr. Blicke and into it the symphony director has woven much of the emotion he has felt in the loss of this friend and patron. Friends of the young director, as well as of the Blicke family are deeply interested in hearing this music.

Why the Times Can Crow

I hasten to offer my congratulations to General Otis and the Times for the unusual position in which they find themselves, on the winning side in an election, an event which has not occurred before for many years, so many, indeed, that the newer residents had accepted as a political axiom the phrase "Bet against the Times and you will win." Possibly, the happy condition this week is to be accounted for by the fact that the general was with The Graphic on the issues before the voters.

Gaylord Wilshire Redivivus

Roosevelt having relinquished his monopoly on that handy pronoun "I," our old friend Gaylord Wilshire has hobbled up with a large assortment of them, for the publication of which he pays, perhaps, a cent and a half a letter and which he sprinkled around in what amounts to a full-column advertisement in the Times of Monday. The advertisement was typical of the man; as proof of what he had to offer he cites what he has done for those who placed faith in his enterprise in the past—and then proceeds to suggest an investment in his gold mine. I have searched it in vain for any of those radi-

cal doctrines which were once so dear to Gaylord's heart, in the old days of Wilshire's Magazine, when its owner delighted in the title of "the millionaire socialist," but either he has forsaken his former gods or does not believe in mixing business and propaganda. One thing about the plea distresses me, Wilshire refers to the fact that among the earliest purchasers of lots in his Wilshire boulevard tract were Otis and Earl, and then he proceeds to give his advertisement to Otis and not to Earl. Why this discrimination? I happen to know that Arthur Letts was the first purchaser of a lot in the Wilshire tract.

Chief Snively's Thoroughness

Just now Clare Snively, the efficient Los Angeles chief of police, is the target for a great deal of what I consider unjust criticism on account of his recent order to his men to shoot to kill if they were forced to shoot. This injunction can hardly be construed to mean shooting at all times and in all circumstances and was obviously not so intended by the chief, who should in no wise be blamed for the lamentable killing of one lad and wounding of another by bullets apparently from the revolvers of two police officers. Clare Snively is no tyro in police work. He has been associated with the Los Angeles department for several years, but previous to that he had a long and, perhaps, more valuable experience as a police reporter in this city and in Chicago. Clare was one of the valued members of my old staff on the Daily News. He began his journalistic career in his father's country newspaper office but was not long in gravitating to Chicago, where he soon landed on the Chicago News, largely through his ability, in that day of raw journalism, to skirt the boundaries of libel. He was a popular member of the Press Club and was a particular favorite with former Governor Deneen of Illinois, who was then city prosecuting attorney of Chicago and from whom Clare obtained a number of scoops. Many are the stories of the chief's activities in those days which have drifted out to the coast. At a time when he was working on a Chicago financial scandal he was offered five hundred dollars to return to the News' office and have another man assigned to the story. Needless to say the offer only resulted in Clare's plunging harder than ever into the scandal expose. There is a thoroughness about Snively; he shifts things to the bottom and he has an extraordinary faculty for remembering. I believe there is nothing he asks his men to do that he would not do himself. To blame Chief Snively for the recent misfortunes of the police force is a piece of injustice.

How Great Minds Disport

Remarks Grace Kingsley in the Wednesday Times. "You may blame me for doing Eddie Foy and Eva Tanguay," declared Bessie Browning now at the Orpheum, "but you must at least give me credit for not imitating Charlie Chaplin." Well, there's something in that. By the way, Otheman Stevens in the Wednesday Examiner says: "You may be right in blaming me for imitating Eva Tanguay and Eddie Foy," says Bessie Browning at the Orpheum, "but you should remember that I do not imitate Charlie Chaplin." On the part of the reviewers, Bessie, gratitude. Do not chide our local writers on things theatric. The field of endeavor is not large and activities are sadly wanting.

Frank Coulter Will be Missed

It was in a way typical of the greatly mourned Frank M. Coulter that when his final summons came this pioneer merchant was on his way to perform a civic duty, to cast his ballot for whatever he may have considered the best interests of the community in which he had lived and labored so long and faithfully. Frank Coulter was a cheery and esteemed public spirited citizen. He had been associated with the Coulter Dry Goods Company from the time it was founded by his father, the late B. F. Coulter, in 1877. For more than a year he had been a sufferer from heart trouble, but bravely continued to attend to his business at the head of the great dry-goods concern until the day of his death.

Dr. Lindley's Tip to Uncle Sam

I hasten to agree with Dr. Walter Lindley's conviction, ably expressed in his interesting article in the Times magazine of Sunday, that Alaska is a great empire which "deserves and needs the thoughtful, fostering care of our national government." Dr. Lindley suggests that the federal government issue a million copies of a booklet giving a comprehensive statement of facts in regard to the great northern territory. The talented head of the California hospital wisely remarks "Alaska is our first born of detached territories, and while Uncle Sam is pouring money into the Philippines, Hawaii, the Canal Zone and Porto Rico, let him not for a moment neglect his oldest son."

Willamene Wilkes as a Director

That talented daughter of Los Angeles, Willamene Wilkes, is, I hear, to take the stock company she has been so successfully directing in San Francisco to Sacramento, where it will play for a season. Miss Willamene is probably one of the most expert handlers of modern dramatic ideas in this country, possessing a technic she acquired not merely through her highly gratifying work with amateur companies in this city, but principally through careful study abroad. In addition to directing the company Miss Wilkes occasionally will appear with it. I predict a brilliant success for her in the capital city.

Wasteful and Pestiferous Publicity

Using the telephone to attract attention to advertisements in the newspapers is a method of publicity which I hear has been adopted by a local real estate firm that specializes in auction sales of lots. A friend of mine tells me that he has twice been called from his luncheon to the telephone, only to hear a silvery voice asking him "to read the ad in tonight's paper." I wonder how many persons so approached would be

likely to regard such a procedure as a recommendation of the firm's manner of doing business? Impatience, rather than interest, is the feeling which, doubtless, is most frequently awakened by the practice. It is akin to the activities of those concerns that send three copies of the same circular in the same mail, to the same person, those who have been receiving the similar printed matter for several years, without replying to it. Such ideas savor of wasteful and pestiferous publicity.

Stone's Active Press Agent

Approving heartily all that Lewis S. Stone's eastern press agent can say about the histrionic ability of that former Los Angeles favorite, I cannot but be amused at this announcement which the Chicago public, where Lewis is now appearing in "Inside the Lines," is asked to accept: "He had a commission in General Homer Lee's troop which was called into action at the time of the Japanese-Chinese troubles in Peking." Stone was, I believe, a soldier during the Spanish-American war and he may have been a lieutenant in the "Mounted Rangers in the West," whoever they may have been, but to give him a commission in a non-existent troop never commanded by anyone except in the mind of a dreamer seems to be traveling a bit too far, even for a press agent.

Lilley Fades From the Express

Once again has the owner's much nicked axe been swung threateningly over the heads of the Tribune and Express force finally descending upon the neck of an employe of fairly long standing, E. B. Lilley, "assistant publisher" of the afternoon sheet. Time was, I believe, when Lilley directed the destinies of the Tribune, as managing editor, but following the coaxing of L. A. Hoskins from the Examiner to the position, another place was found for him by creating the job of "assistant publisher." Doubtless, other heads in the Hill street building are tottering, now that Edwin has the disappointment of seeing his governor's pet measures turned down by the voters. I understand that Lilley is a man of superior talents.

Parker's Corner at Robinson's

Not that Charles C. Parker is deserting the city hall environment on Broadway to follow the J. W. Robinson hegira to Seventh and Grand. The well-known book dealer has a five years' lease still to run on the Broadway premises, but beginning next Monday he will install that handsome young bachelor Phil Kubel in charge of his book section on the main aisle on the ground floor of the J. W. Robinson new store. It is a decided innovation for the Robinson people to grant a concession to any outsider, but President Schneider has departed from custom in this one particular, believing it will be of mutual benefit. Beautiful fixtures, in harmony with the general interior finish have been set up and the book corner will present an attractive appearance when the handsome stock is displayed.

Desmond's Half a Century of Business

After doing business in Los Angeles north of Third street for more than half a century—since 1862—the C. C. Desmond store moves south to Sixth and Spring the coming week in the handsome new home adjoining the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank, built especially for the accommodation of the well-known Desmond house. The originator of the business, Daniel Desmond, came here in 1861 from Lawrence, Massachusetts, where he had been engaged in the manufacture of hats. Losing his stock by fire he turned his face westward, reaching the Pacific coast by the sea route. His first store faced the plaza, thence by gradations he went to the Temple block and later the store moved to the Ramona building, where now stands the stately Washington building at Third and Spring. I believe Daniel Desmond made the first hat manufactured in California. His son Cornelius became associated with his father in the late 70's and when Daniel retired the younger man's energies and business ability soon gave the business notable impetus. When the double store in the Douglas block was occupied in 1905, it was easily the largest men's furnishing house in Southern California. It is an interesting bit of local history.

Sign Language Not Approved

Can it be that the Record was back of the suggestion, turned down by the city council, that newsboys be required to use signs only in announcing their wares? Perhaps, the local Scripps' management was annoyed by the tendency recently noticed on the part of the "newsies" to refer to that publication as "the Dynamite." "Hed, Red, here's a guy wants a Dynamite," has become a familiar call on the street corners and not even the attempted retaliation of the Record boys in christening the Express the "Bible" has had any ameliorating effect. London news vendors are allowed to advertise their wares and the contents only by means of placards, but without the shrill calls of the boys the spirit of "hustle" would be missing in American cities. However, I heartily approve the proposal to muzzle the boys Sunday mornings, at least until after 8 o'clock.

Times' Broadway Show a Winner

That was a happy idea in combining automobiles and flowers for display to the public of Los Angeles. Never have fine machines been shown, I think, in more attractive environment than that provided by the myriad blooms at the Broadway Auto Show to which the public spirit of several prominent citizens has contributed much. Arthur Letts, for instance, has sent a fine floral display and Dr. Arthur D. Houghton is exhibiting his wonderful collection of begonias, while H. E. Huntington, always glad to have the public see his rare plants, is represented by one of the largest displays that have ever left his San Marino grounds. The cars are many of them of the 1916 models, demonstrating the wisdom of not holding an automobile exhibition too early in the fall. It must be admitted that the Times, in originating the Broadway Auto Show, "slipped one over" on the other papers and it is pros-

pering accordingly, having found it necessary to double the size of its pink sheet, from four to eight pages, every day this week to care for the increased amount of advertising, paying business in which its rivals have not shared to any appreciable extent.

Foreign Missionaries Gather Here

For the first time in the forty-six years of its existence the Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the largest society of its kind in the world, is holding its annual meeting on the Pacific coast and Los Angeles is honored as the meeting place. Nearly one hundred missionaries are attending the gathering, which opened its sessions Thursday in Trinity Auditorium, and I am told they are giving vivid lessons in geography through talks on their fields of endeavor.

Fooling the Insurance Man

One way of escaping insurance agents is to pretend to be a member of the fraternity, as I hear William J. Gracey, the popular purchasing agent of the Pacific Light and Power Company, did with marked success this week. It seems that, taking a moment from his corporation duties Gracey bought himself a new automobile. No sooner had a state license tag for the new machine been issued from the state's branch bureau here than a flock of automobile insurance men collected about the offices of the Pacific Light and Power Company. Gracey had previously placed the insurance on his car with his regular broker, but for a time he allowed his secretary to admit the solicitors and gave them a polite refusal of the business. Finally, he could stand it no longer and when he was told another agent awaited him in the outer office, he put on his hat, slipped out by a side door and into the reception room, where from his previous experiences he had no trouble picking out the agent among the several persons present. Accosting him Gracey assumed a bland air and inquired, "I wonder if I could not induce you to let me write some insurance on your automobile. You know the theft loss to machine owners is getting tremendously high." He did not write the risk, and after hoaxing the agent for a time confessed his identity. Then William went away to enjoy his new auto while his understudy tipped it off to later solicitors that no insurance was desired.

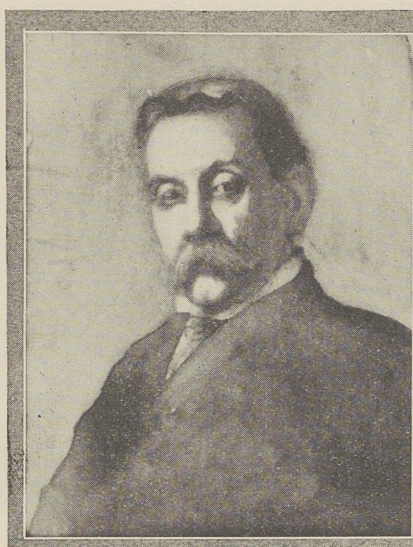
Ed Moore Gets His Sheepskin

Los Angeles friends and acquaintances of E. D. Moore, once in charge of the Los Angeles office of the Associated Press, will be pleased to know that he has just been admitted to the bar at San Francisco, leading a list of sixty-six successful applicants with a percentage of 87. Moore is now the managing director of the Tourist Association of Central California, an organization that is undertaking to do for the bay counties the same sort of colonization and promotion work that is done by the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles. After leaving Los Angeles, Moore was with the Associated Press offices in Chicago and New York, resigning to handle the publicity department of the Curtis aeroplane people. He has been in San Francisco nearly three years, and has actually succeeded in getting the liberal support of most of the bay counties to an advertising propaganda which any real estate man in San Francisco will say should have been started thirty years ago. He will practice in San Francisco.

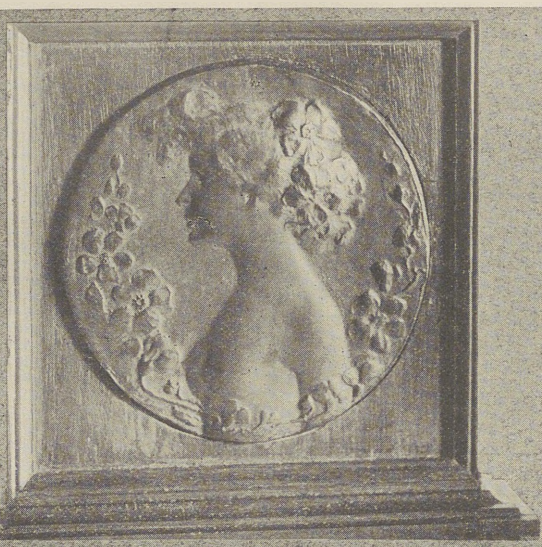
Bud Rose Descants on "Fog"

Bud Rose, son of former Mayor Harry Rose, writes me from the north that the plaque habit of the exposition is not dying in the old age of the big show. Says Bud, "They have a chap who has nothing to do but spread it on thick and give away a placque 'as an emblem of the high esteem with which the officials of the exposition hold your' organization, order, society or whatever it is." Bud has been studying the finger-print system under Chief of Police August Vollmer at Berkeley but evidently all his mental effort has not been devoted to criminology, for he sends me the following meritorious and philosophic reflections: "Fog is a peculiar thing, to many a serious happening, when, say, a lot of commuters, in a hurry to get to work, are delayed in their perilous journey across San Francisco bay. Fog usually gathers off the heads for several days before it suddenly makes up its mind to blow in. What a pandemonium is the result! One can hear the toot of Mile Rock lighthouse, the deep groan of Fort Point and the buzz of Alcatraz. When the Lord made San Francisco bay he was called away for a minute and left Alcatraz sticking up in the harbor entrance. Alcatraz is of no use so, of course, the government plunked down a military prison, right under the noses of San Francisco's idle rich. The aforesaid idle rich are kicking their heads off about Alcatraz siren, and anyone who detests mosquitos can feel for them, for it sounds like a regiment of gnats. Back to the fog again. It surely presents a beautiful scene when the wind is blowing. The air is clear but back of the hills, where the wind can't reach, large, woolly clouds linger as though a giant had been careless with a lot of cotton. And what a beautiful yet weird effect is created, when the sun is sinking. At times, the sky and water are a blood red, and again the water takes on a greasy, sickly color which strongly resembles the soup (?) that one is said to encounter in a quick-lunch emporium. And on ship board too! On some of the small vessels plying up and down the coast, the whistle is sure to be quite near some of the staterooms, while others of the favored few are treated to the whine of the motor generator in the radio cabin. One may sleep through the racket made by the whistle, but then—the cute little dynamo will get them surely. There are certain individuals, however, who cannot be made to kick about fog as the more fog, more money, for them. In Ventura county the beans like fog and live on it. Of a foggy year many an automobile is sold in Ventura county, as the folks down there have plenty of money. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good' and we can say the same with fog."

Versatile Art of May Mott-Smith



"Sketch of Peter Robinson"



"Cherokee"



"Marin County, California"

By Beatrice de Lack Krombach

MAY Mott-Smith is an artist-craftswoman. She embodies within her realm of expression many accomplishments. She is painter, miniaturist, medal maker, sculptor of bronze portrait bas-reliefs in the little and fashions into unique and individual personal ornaments metals and precious stones. Of these various mediums she is mistress. No form of expression loses its distinct quality of individuality because of her thorough understanding and appreciation for the others. This artist has devoted years of study to each of the arts she pursues. Her keen sense for doing the thing in hand best gives their development a like interest and resultant effects are certain to be unlike in character. Her motto as she gives it to me, is "The true and humble always gain the kingdom of heaven and I believe that metaphorically, this is true of art. The true and humble in art, no matter how far they have progressed in their attainment, will attain a heaven on earth that is a genuine conception of their own art, if they will ever be humble seeker for a greater art."

She never duplicates motif or design in any of her work. Perhaps, that is why her creations have those particular values which make them so much sought. It is not unusual for persons of prominence to telegraph her from distant cities after viewing her work exhibited at all important showings of fine and applied arts. An instance of this kind was when Julia Marlowe and her company, then playing in Boston, visited its Arts and Crafts exhibition and wired for a ring in another color scheme to that exposed. They desired a Christmas gift for E. H. Sothorn. It was a fine ring, fashioned on lines similar to those used in Shakespeare's time and was wrought of gold, and a cabochon turquoise. As ornament it had a carved headed band set with pearls, turquoises and diamonds. This order was hurried and delivered within ten days, a rather unusual procedure for the making of hand developed jewelry.

Her knowledge of the traditions of her arts was gained from superior fundamental instruction. She was born in Honolulu and there received her first criticism. Europe was her next inspiration and in Paris she studied in the life class of the Colorossi school where Van der Weyden and Garridos were her instructors. During her three years there she also studied landscape expression and received criticism in her medal work from the best medalist of that time. T. Spicer-Simpson, hors concours of the Champs de Mars Salon. As a consequence of his instruction she exhibited in the 1906 Salon with prominent success. Most praised there was a necklace of beetles made in a combination of enamels; a jeweled miniature frame and a number of rings. All pieces exhibited have since been sold. M. Simson's tribute of her work was "that she brought more originality to her design; that she had inherent accuracy for symmetry and balance and a happy faculty for grouping colors not before attempted." No small praise this from so well known an authority. Coming later to the Pacific Coast she entered the modeling class at Mark Hopkins school and was directed by Robert Aitkens. Boston also added its tribute to her development for she studied at the Boston Art Club and enlarged her quality for illustrating under W. L. Taylor at the Art League of that city. Miniature painting is a self-ac-

quired art. She was barely eighteen when her first attempt, a conception in fancy was enveloped in impressionistic style, with daubs of raw color to give the feeling of plein air. Its exhibition at the Boston Art Club caused quite a stir for this mode of technic was not in vogue at that time.

In her present problems in art this fundamental knowledge has provided a basis for a conscientious study of the demands of our time and place. Her appreciation of form and color and the fitness of an ensemble, combined with her temperamental capacity for the vigorous artistic expression, so essential in the development of any art, makes her standing unique among art workers. In all her effort one notes, particularly, her thorough understanding of the principles of design. This quality is best exhibited in her valuation of the units of detail in her beautifully carved metals and in the contour of her portrait bas-reliefs. There is much play of fantasy in all of these, but always the hand directing the medium is that of the skilled technician.

I asked her what was the greatest inspiration in her work. She said that was a difficult question to answer as in no two instances could she trace the same



"Pendant in Grasshopper Motif"

source of impetus. For example, a hair ornament was to be designed. She lacked the incentive for its creation and began peering through the leaves of a history book. There she found an extraordinary saddle and the motif for her hair comb was born; that not infrequently she felt like Nero who had a large emerald of prismatic form through which he gazed claiming that it eased his mind and eye and made the object he wished to inspect more alluring. Looking into old Japanese volumes often provided such creative thought. She believed most valuable, however, was the desire consciously to build all objects that they would represent her at her very best.

Her bas-reliefs, which are so full of characteristic planes, yet retain sufficient of her fanciful self to be intensely interesting, are to her mind her greatest accomplishment. They are difficult of execution because of their diminutive values which must be so carefully handled. One of these conceptions which she titles "An Old Veteran" received a bronze medal award at the San Diego Exposition. Under development at this time she has a medal of particular interest. It is of John Barrett, director of the Pan-American Union. On its reverse side will be set forth the fact that he

sought to promote friendship, peace and commerce between South American nations, in a decorative design and symbols. There are few specialists making medals in this country; May Mott-Smith is one of these.

At San Francisco she has ten cases of jewelry on exhibition. They are in the Varied Industries building among the domestic arts and crafts; also three miniatures and one bas-relief. The ornaments are much admired. Among them are a peacock necklace of conventionalized birds in a mingling of precious stones which forms an effective plastron; another suggests early Italian jewelry and is encrusted with jewels built into diminutive surfaces and planes in gold, a third of pearls and olivines represents white violets so grouped that each pearl interprets a petal and the olivine is the stamen. Pink pearl and topaz effects are also much admired. These appear in rings and pendants. May Mott-Smith was the first to create the banquet ring, a grouping of small stones in a symmetrical design, sometimes only of one color and at times a harmonious blending of tones.

Her miniatures are of the late George Bromley, well known as "Uncle George" to all San Francisco and a prominent member of the Bohemian Club; small nude developed in moonlight tones, whose oval would fit inside a silver dollar, and the portrait of an old lady. The medal is of Diana conceived in a mood of fantasy. At the sixth annual exhibition of the California Art Club three of her bas-relief medals are shown. Two are portraits and the other is "Cherokee," our illustration. An example of her miniature work is also herewith presented. It is a sketch of Peter Robinson, one time dramatic critic of the San Francisco Chronicle, and the landscape, which is freely treated, is a canvas bit of Marin county, California. The jeweled pendant below, a conception of grasshoppers in enamel a jour and a semi-precious cabochon stone, give expression to her distinct and individual motifs in personal ornaments.

Speaking of personal ornaments, I asked the artist concerning the sentiments of individuals and these personal objects. She informed me that many quaint suggestions came to her. One man who had made his fortune in alfalfa demanded she incorporate that blossom in all his jewelry; another, that the signs of the Zodiac—the scorpion—dominate. We drifted and the subject

Week of October 30 to November 6

Joint exhibition canvases of Jerome Blum, Anne Bremer and Henry V. Poor—Museum Art Gallery.
Frank P. Sauerwein—canvases—Kanst Gallery, 854 South Hill.
Hanson Puthoff and Granville Redmond canvases—A. A. Byrens, 836 South Broadway.
Old Chinese Porcelain—Bentz Art Rooms, 213 West Fourth.
William Keith—several small canvases—Raymond Gould Shop, 324 West Fifth.
Individual arrangements in home decoration—O'Hara & Livermore, 253 East Colorado, Pasadena.
Designs for decorative motifs for linens, wearing apparel, trousseaus and outfits—Mrs. Eugene Steiner, 324 South Fresno.
Edward Henry Weston—portrait and landscape photographs—Art Gallery of Fine Arts Building, State normal school, Vermont near Montrose.
California Art Club meeting—November 6—Rooms M. N. and O. Normal Hill Annex.

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of good taste in the wearing of jewels came up. May Mott-Smith has strong notions about the proper and improper time to wear them. As she is an authority I am writing down some of her do's and don'ts.

"One should not wear more than one ring on a finger and seldom more than two on a hand. Too much ornament spoils its natural contour and the grace of gesture. Circular rings should not be worn on plump hands. They emphasize the plumpness. One should study its best lines to find out on which finger the ornament will appear to advantage. The fourth finger is most favored, though the little finger is popular. Those inclined toward rotund lines are advised to do without arm ornaments. They have a tendency to shorten the forearm and make it appear more robust. Long, slender forearms are made more beautiful by the lateral line. Another note worthy of attention is the fact that tissue colorings do not always harmonize with the metal used to build arm garnitures. On no occasion are they permissible unless in absolute keeping with other design or ornaments. Frequently, we see three distinct types displayed on one person; possibly, a necklace or beads, a bracelet watch and diamond rings. One moment's thought will demonstrate that each detracts from the value and beauty of the other. Diamonds should never be worn next the face. They are too barbaric and white a note and put all other values out of focus. Rubies, deep tourmalines or garnets do not look well next the skin. They give the pigment a yellowish cast. Only very fair people may wear such jewels with success. Emeralds, aquamarines or turquoises are flattering stones and bring out the delicate tints of any pigment. Pearls suit all complexions and lend elegance to all costumes. Very simple ornaments alone are suitable for the hair as brilliant effects lessen its luster quality. Hair ornaments do not belong with a street costume.

"As to when to wear ornaments? For the early part of the day only those of absolute simplicity are proper. For afternoon dress one may feature a necklace or a brooch, while in the evening anything may be worn that completes a harmonious ensemble. The fleeting changes in fashions have demanded the wearing of imitation jewelry, but it will no longer be countenanced, as all ultra-fashionable people are restoring their permanent ornaments. I do not approve distinctive effects unless they are unusual for rare quality in color or design. Miniatures should never be worn. Pictorial art does not belong on the person. Some people might say that birds, bees or carved heads are introduced in a realistic way in ornament, but they forget that they are made to conform with the contour of the design or motif and not to appear a distinct or separate medium as does the miniature in its frame. I do not approve jeweled frames for miniatures which are objects d'art. To provide such setting the portrait should be carefully studied and the frame fashioned so that it will not detract from its significance or make the design appear too monotonous.

"For men, I prefer faceted or cut stones as their dress is so conventional that they only look well in distinctive ornaments. Occasionally, in planning a pin, I cut the stone in a reserved way and set it in a box frame. Claw settings are not in good taste. As cuff links are distinctly utilitarian they should be made to appear serviceable without prettiness. They have flat surfaces and can be made attractive by tooled work or symbolic suggestions. If stones are used they should be cut in individual shapes and in solid colors. Diamonds and rubies are not comme il faut for links unless employed to indicate a color scheme or to accent a feature of the motif. Simple watch chains of platinum or a combination of various metals are in best taste just now.

"I do not advocate jewelry for children. They become too self-conscious when wearing it and it does not enhance their appearance. It ages them and places in the background the delicacy of their coloring. It also spoils their proper appreciation of it in later life. Besides, their proportion is changing each six months or year and it is difficult to fit them with proper ornament."

* * *

Announcement is made of a joint exhibition of thirty canvases by Jerome Blum of Chicago, fifteen by Anne Bremer of San Francisco and thirty by Henry V. Poor, head of the art department of Stanford university, at Exposition Park from November 5 to continue

for one month. Its purpose is to permit observation of the development of the modern school of painting. All of these artists have been seen at the park though none in so extended an exhibition. Jerome Blum's work is ultra-ultra—Anne Bremer's has charm and certain distinction, but Henry V. Poor's cannot be taken too literally as the purpose of the portrayal is not always apparent at first sight. However, don't let me harness the cart before the horse is ready—so let us wait and see.

* * *

Attention is called to the fact that the California Art Club is planning a supplementary traveling exhibition to consist of small oils, water-colors, etchings, etc. It is being planned as an addition for the "print-makers." Members desiring to contribute may bring unframed works not to exceed twelve inches square to the next regular meeting which occurs at the club rooms M. N. and O., Normal Hill Annex, Saturday evening, November 6. Entrance is from West Fifth and Hope streets, through old Normal school grounds to stairway under the bridge. These pictures will be passed upon by a jury on that occasion and should have the price marked on the back. Members having canvases in the main traveling exhibition are requested to forward their prices to Miss Alma May Cook, 1810 Avalon street, Los Angeles, so that the list may be completed. Lumiere slides of the exhibition of members' work will be shown at the meeting.

* * *

Edward Henry Weston's exhibition at the art gallery in the fine arts building of the State normal school has opened and is receiving much attention. There are forty-four photographs on display and this number includes figures, portraits and landscapes. Some are eastern and others are California subjects. In his interpretations Mr. Weston exhibits fine understanding for composition, excellent values in lighting and exquisite quality in printing. This latter value to my mind is his strongest forte and is really a great art, for it is like painting with the camera. Mr. Weston for the last two years has won the highest honors of the American Photographic Association and includes in this showing compositions which gained for him unusual recognition in the London, England, photographic salon. The exhibition is open to the public any day, including Saturday from 10 a. m. to 4.30 p. m. Today and next Saturday Mr. Weston will be in the gallery glad to explain all details of his work. A more extended review will be given this exhibition next week.

* * *

Miss Mabel Watson whose portrait work is so exceptional is again at her studio in Pasadena. She has entirely recovered from her serious accident of early summer.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 26945.

Estate of Hugh Montgomery Cowper, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix with the will annexed of the Estate of Hugh Montgomery Cowper, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix at the office of John Beardsley, at Suite 336-339 Title Insurance Building, Los Angeles, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Hugh Montgomery Cowper, deceased, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Dated October 26th, 1915.

ETHEL MILDRED WHEELER,

HILDA C. MONTGOMERY,

Administratrixes with the will annexed of said estate.

John Beardsley, Attorney.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the Matter of the Estate of Margaret Asbury, Deceased.

It Is Ordered, By the Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before said Superior Court on the 1st day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of said Superior Court, Department 2 thereof, in the Court House, in said County of Los Angeles, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the administrator of said estate to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary to pay debts and costs of administration or for the best interests of the estate.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in "The Graphic," a newspaper printed and published in said County of Los Angeles.

JAMES C. RIVES,

Judge of Superior Court.

Dated October 25th, 1915.

A. B. Shaw, Jr., Attorney.

CURRENT SCHOOL EVENTS

Wednesday, 10:15 at Cumnock School—lecture by Professor R. A. Maynard—"The New Aim in Education." Open to the public.

Wednesday, 2:00 at Cumnock School—lecture by Miss Helen A. Brooks, "Principles of Art Appreciation."

Thursday, 2:00 at Cumnock School—lecture by Miss Helen A. Brooks, "Appreciation of Literature." Interpretive readings by Mrs. Katherine Wisner McCluskey.

Friday—at Orton School for Girls in Pasadena—Jean Mannheim will speak before the Art History Club.

Saturday—at Orton School for Girls—house students to motor to Carter's Camp on Mount Wilson trail and spend day to celebrate Hallowe'en.

Saturday—at Westlake School of Music—Bach Study Club will hear Mr. Vern Elliott, director of harmony, analyze a Bach fugue. Visitors are welcome.

Hallowe'en was the motif for much entertainment at the schools the past week. The diversions planned in celebration were varied, but everywhere the fires were lighted at nightfall. This old custom has been handed down for generations and creates no end of amusement. Lyric spiriters may come forth and cavort, and if one's imagination is good—these pixies and nixies should be readily visualized in the shadowy corners provided by the reflected lights. The following were the special programs arranged:

Friday the seniors of the Orton School gave the juniors a masque party.

Marlborough gave its annual dinner Thursday and a dance followed in the gymnasium.

Costuming for an award was the motif for yesterday's party at the Westlake School for Girls.

Cumnock students observed all forms, rites and ceremonials in their festivities. The new students in the dormitory were entertained with a dinner-dance, by courtesy of the older student body.

You were bidden to come dressed according to your station in ghostdom at the celebration at the Broadoaks School in Pasadena Thursday evening and the grotesque figures aroused no end of fun.

Two parties were given by St. Elizabeth's School on Mount Washington. In the afternoon the juniors were honored and in the evening the seniors were made glad by a dance and special entertainment.

For their first party of the year Huntington Hall students enjoyed a vaudeville which the seniors planned for the juniors. All traditional games were part of the program.

Home department students of the Girls' Collegiate also had their annual hallowe'en event.

This afternoon Miss Thomas and the faculty of St. Catherine's School will give a party at which fancy dress and masque costumes will be the order of the day. The hours are from three to five.

St. Elizabeth's School forms its new Pedestrian Club this Saturday. It will ride out over the mountains each week.

Harvard Military School plays football Saturday at Whittier with the Whittier High School boys. May good luck attend them.

Yesterday the students of the Orton School of Pasadena watched the pickers in a vineyard at Sierra Madre. This diversion was a novelty with them as it was their first visit.

Mary Wallace Weir, former head of physical training at the American College, Constantinople, has assumed charge of the classes at Los Robles School, Pasadena. There are to be two basket ball teams. These same students accompanied by groom and chaperon ride out Monday to the foothill canyons.

Reginald Pole, of London, Eng., gave a lecture recital on Shakespeare's "Richard II" at Cumnock school Wednesday morning.

"Poems of Childhood" was the subject of a lecture by Miss Helen A. Brooks, Thursday at Cumnock Hall. Mrs. Katherine Wisner McCluskey also gave illustrative readings.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.

Sept. 28, 1915.

Non-Coal. 016809

Notice is hereby given that Lulu A. Carr, of Santa Monica, California, who, on November 6, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 016809, for N $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 21, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a. m., on the 5th day of November, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: A. B. Humphrey, of Santa Monica, Calif.; F. H. Thew, of Cornell, Calif.; Mrs. L. A. McLellan, of Santa Monica, Calif.; Grace Carr, of 5437 Sierra Vista Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

No withdrawals.

JOHN D. ROCHE,

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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK.

Notice is hereby given that by and in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Hibernian Savings Bank, a corporation, unanimously adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 13th day of October, 1915, a special meeting of the stockholders of said corporation has been called for and will be held in the office and principal place of business of said corporation, to-wit, at its banking room, Second Floor Hibernian Building, Southeast corner of Fourth and Spring Streets, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, on Wednesday, the 12th day of January, 1916, at the hour of Three o'clock on the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from Three Hundred Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$350,000), consisting of Three Thousand Five Hundred (3,500) shares, of the par value of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) each, to the amount of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000), to consist of Five Thousand (5,000) shares, of the par value of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) each, and to transact all such other business as properly pertains to or is connected with such increase of capital stock.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated this 13th day of October, 1915.

A. M. GIBBS,

Secretary of Hibernian Savings Bank, a corporation.

Revision of Manuscripts

Manuscripts revised, corrected, typewritten, by experienced critic and author formerly with the Literary Bureau of Philadelphia. Tel. 10349, Main 77. Sara Schmucker, 243 S. Olive.—(Adv.)

Cheaters

"NEARLY MARRIED," by producing near-hysteria in the capacity audiences which are seeing it at the Burbank this week is proving itself nearly the most popular entertainment presented at the Main street house this season and even the qualification would hardly be necessary had the Selwyn play not been spread out quite so thin over one sure-fire farce theme, jealousy. We have a married, for a time and, later, nearly married, couple for hero and heroine, therefore, according to New York theatrical ethics, we must have divorce and opportunity for a few risque lines. The play is the sort of amplified, vaudeville skit that has been finding favor lately on the legitimate stage of "speed-up" proclivities. It is delightfully funny, in spots, and is absolute proof that the public really enjoys laughing more than once at the same situation. In this particular farce, which is broad farce, we have an estranged couple three times reconciled and then three times put asunder by the wife's jealousy of the professional corespondent, hired by her consent in order that she may obtain a divorce. Near the end of the first act, when the initial reconciliation has been effected and the happy young people have eloped on a second honeymoon, the audience is well satisfied with the laughs it has enjoyed and did it not know that at least three acts are necessary to constitute an evening's entertainment would be happy to go home. But just as a few jaded speculators were wondering how this thing could be continued, a trouble-making brother of the heroine rushes in with the information that a divorce has been granted, therefore, supposedly married, the elopers are likewise sinners. Follow complications fast and furious and for two more acts wifely jealousy is allowed to continue. Blanche Ring and Edmund Lowe are a little nearer in their methods this week than in their first appearance together here, the one having forsaken a certain amount of her repression while Lowe's tendency to talk his lines to his audience has been tempered and is lost sight of in the necessities of farce emphasis. Together, they are the center of a thoroughly pleasing production for which much credit must be given to A. Bert Wesner, the new Burbank stage director, who in addition to turning out a creditable performance, himself, with great success, takes one of the leading parts. Ida St. Leon is as charming as ever, with little tax made upon any of her abilities but that of looking pretty. Much of the burden of the play falls upon Grace Travers, as a professional corespondent determined not to get the worst of things, and she is more than satisfactory. Lillian Elliott is a delightful Irishwoman married to an East Indian prince of a road house keeper, a character which gives James K. Applebee an opportunity of showing his versatility. "Nearly Married" is a vehicle which should carry the Burbank company through a fairly long run before another change is made.

Good and Mediocre Talent at Orpheum

There is just one bright spot in the gloom of the Orpheum program this week, Bessie Browning, a typical English music hall miss who has acquired the ability to use American "Rube" dialect. Bessie gives the best part of her show by being herself, but to make her turn officially conform to vaudeville standards must needs introduce imitations of Eva Tanguay and Eddie Foy, the last of which she does with a verisimilitude that brings her almost as much applause as the original is wont to receive. For the remainder of the bill, there is one pretty act, "Sweethearts" with a fragrance of rosemary; a telephone skit that embodies a novel idea and there is little else. "Sweethearts" has been seen on the Orpheum circuit before, which, of course, is a recommendation in its favor, but Edwin and Jane Connelly hardly seem to bring out all the possibilities of Sir William S. Gilbert's lines. Edwin is more blameworthy than Jane; he should adopt Japanese acrobatics in private if he would be realistic as a young man. Forty years later, when sentiment is painlessly administered to the audience, his abundant bulk is not offensive. "The Telephone Tangle" has a delightful "central" in Madge Caldwell, who so manip-

ulates the wires from the six booths on the stage that they are alternately lighted while the person within talks to someone he does not know and, moreover, has no desire to meet. Devine and Williams have a fairly bright line of patter but depend principally upon the surprise occasioned by the agility of the fat woman of the team. Weber and Elliott open their turn, and the bill, with one of them in the audience and the latter, apparently, is pleased at this near contact with "professional talent." George Chiyo does things with a barrel which have been done before by Caucasians, but because he is a Japanese his efforts are regarded as unusual. The pretty musical act of Alice Lyndon Doil, Mary Campbell and Jane Shaw is as good as last week and that of Wilson and Lenore as bad.

Orpheum Offerings for Next Week

Music in generous measure is promised at the Orpheum next week for the bill which opens Monday afternoon. Heading the program will be the Navassar Girls, sixteen strong, who specialize in orchestra and band ensembles, although all sixteen are soloists and solo numbers will be a feature of their turn.



Madge Caldwell

Augusta Dial, the director, is looked upon as one of the women who have succeeded in that calling. James Kelso and Blanche Leighton will bring "Here and There in Vaudeville" in which they take off many stunts of the variety stage. Bertee Beaumonte and Jack Arnold, from musical comedy ranks, will offer "The Doctorine" in which a woman physician, pills and love are involved in a skit with a happy ending. Eugene Diamond, the violinist, who made a great success of his first vaudeville tour, is repeating it and will be here next week. Brownie Dupont is announced as "the perfect woman." She will display her pulchritude in a skit, "The Aurora of Light," in which, posed in fleshings, light pictures surround her in lieu of clothes. The holdovers will include Erwin and Jane Connelly in "Sweethearts," "A Telephone Tangle" and Devine and Williams in a new act, "Refined Nonsense." The Pathe twice-a-week news views and the orchestral concert will complete the bill.

Second Week of "Nearly Married"

"Nearly Married," Edgar Selwyn's rapid farce, will open its second, and what is announced as its last week, at the Burbank with the Thursday matinee. The play is one of the funniest ever seen in Los Angeles and gives good opportunities to the Burbank favorites, Frances Ring, Edmund Lowe, Ida St.

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Mission Play Soon To Go

Rapidly, the time for the closing of the Mission Play at San Gabriel is approaching and after December 4 Southern California will not see the great historical pageant for several years. Taking advantage of the beautiful autumn nights the people of this vicinity are flocking out to the quaint mission town to take a last look at the Mission Play which has done so much to advertise this section.

War Pictures Coming to Trinity

One of the remarkable features of the motion pictures taken on German battlefields, which are to be shown at Trinity Auditorium for a week beginning November 8, is said to be the cheerfulness displayed by blinded and wounded soldiers and the health and spirits exhibited by prisoners of war. Manager Behymer has arranged to show these pictures continuously from 2 o'clock in the afternoon until 11 at night.

Sparkling Comedy at the Garrick

There is a varied appeal about the program which opens Sunday afternoon at the Garrick Theater. The comedy will be furnished by Charlie Chaplin in "Ambition," Marie Doro in "The Morals of Marcus" will contribute brightness and sparkle, while thrills and spectacular effects will be provided, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday only, by the latest

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episode of "The Diamond from the Sky." "Ambition" is a four-part revue of the best comedies that Chaplin ever acted before the screen. Charming Marie Doro is said to be at her best as the unconventional heroine of "The Morals of Marcus" and depicts with rare fidelity the gradual growth and "civilizing" of the half-wild daughter of a gypsy band. There will be but four more episodes of "The Diamond from the Sky."

"Carmen" at Miller's Next Week

Owing to a sudden change of dates Theda Bara in her greatest film triumph, the title role of the picturization of the famous opera, "Carmen," was not shown last week at Miller's Theater as announced, but will be displayed next week, opening Monday. Mlle. Bara is said to have done her best work as the flouting, pouting gypsy flirt of this famous work and her fight in the cigarette factory is pronounced one of the most unusual motion pictures ever made.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

"LOS ANGELES has heard no greater pianist than Padenthall," said the paper on my typewriter, the next morning. "He is a player who uses seventy-five centimeter guns. His technic is developed from the traverse trenches and extends far toward the rear. In his youth he was a General Hindenberg surrounded by his staff and gave numerous recitals at the command of crowned heads. Regarded as another prodigy such as Liszt, he picked off the sharpshooters in the village church and set fire to the enemy's camp with dynamite bombs. After study with Kullak and Kitchener in composition of army corps, he took up allied subjects to the detriment of the Austrians and chased their men through the city capturing 345 officers and 45,000 men. Padenthall's octave technic can only be likened to a regiment of Uhlans, struggling with superior numbers, but the French finally gave way. Combined this with a touch softer than Wilson's guncotton, which is conditional contraband, and one has a Zeppelin of unusual power scattering the London Times over the Dardanelles, an onslaught more to be feared than his historic program of Beethoven recitals. His shadings by means of the pedals gave him thousands of soldiers suffering amputations at the ankles, owing to snow and ice in the trenches. But his playing does not consist of technic alone; there is the commissary department capable of feeding Harry Carr and six army corps every hour. The delicate nuancing of the Chopin measures, the tender and lyric passages of the careworn nurses as they go from one cot to the other on their errands of fortissimo followed by decrescendo ending in the most delicate pianissimo, making a perfect inferno of concussion. No wonder the soldiers are driven to madness followed by an 'Afternoon of a Faun' by Debussy." The latter portion of the program was made up of condensed pea-soup done up in sausage skins, masking a battery of ten-inch guns, behind the lines, firing at nothing in particular. Following that exquisitely played number, with Lento effects, came an allegro toward the rear with the English close on their heels. The Turks seeing this made a sortie out of Brussels and the Italians fought from the Alpine peaks of Liverpool. As I looked toward the carriage the King bowed to me, caught by the camera operator, a modern composition of much interest and played with all the delicatess-s-s-s-s—" Then something must have disturbed me and sent me from my typewriter back to my interrupted unconsciousness. And the whole was the product of three things, First, a piano recital; second, reading the daily war news and third, a hearty and late supper. It simply shows how the various matters that float through the mind in the daytime may be commingled by undue gastronomic efforts at night, and, incidentally, what one will do to fill a column when musical topics are scarce.

Half-a-dozen large musical clubs have begun their season of meetings and semi-private concerts. The total interest awakened by these organizations is large and has considerable influence on the musical atmosphere of Los Angeles. Of course, the prime interest of the individual is to display his accomplishments, but the result is that the auditors hear a large variety of music, a good part of it adequately presented, and when the opportunity comes to hear the symphony orchestra, the Brahms quintet or visiting soloists, many members of these clubs may be found in the audience. While the programs of the club may depict the highest musical aspirations of many of the members, by hearing more and occasionally better music, their appreciation is bound to grow and in the end be satisfied only by the best. And so the more these clubs hear musical lectures on the structure of the symphony orchestra, on its programs, on the operas, on the greater composers, on current musical events, the better. If such a club is to be simply a little circle around which its members run, it results only in a hot-house of flattery; but if the club brings in outside talent—and

there always are well-posted writers and talkers ready to help out—the broader will be the resultant outlook and growth. One can estimate the value of a club to its members largely by the proportion of such work, in comparison with the amount of amateur ear-tickling in music.

Next to appear on the Philharmonic Course will be that brilliant representative of the Russian school of pianists, Tina Lerner, who will be heard in concert Saturday afternoon, November 6 at Trinity Auditorium. A native of Odessa, Miss Lerner was but a child when indications of her unusual musical gifts became apparent. Her Russian successes, achieved at an early age, were followed by successful tours of the continent and England and she then made her first appearance in America, as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. That appearance was such a success that she was signed for a tour of America which was the beginning of her annual appearance in this country. The program Miss



Tina Lerner

Lerner has chosen for her first appearance here is of especially high merit, not only for the lover of the pianoforte but for students, for whom special student rates are offered. The program in detail is as follows: Alceste, Gluck-Saint-Saens; Intermezzo B Minor, Brahms; Rondo Brilliant, Weber; Sonata, F. Sharp Minor, Schumann; Introduzione—Un poco Adagio; Allegro—Vivace; Aria—Scherzo—Intermezzo—Finale Allegre un molto maestoso; (a) Impromptu, A Flat Major, Chopin; (b) Nocturne, F Minor, Chopin; (c) Etudes, Op. 25, Nos. 6-9, Chopin; (d) Valse, A Flat Major, Chopin; (a) Prelude, G Minor, Rachmaninoff; (b) Menuette, Debussy; (c) Dance of the Gnomes, Liszt; (d) Campanella (The Little Bell) Liszt.

Notices have been sent to all former season ticket holders for the Los Angeles Symphony concerts announcing that Monday, November 8, they may make new selection of seats for the coming season. This sale will be held at the box office of Trinity Auditorium and reservations may be made throughout the week of November 8. The week of November 15, new subscribers will be given an opportunity to select their seats and the following week, beginning November 22, a general seat sale will be opened either for single seats or for the season. It is announced that any person desiring the analytical programs of each concert may secure them by mailing twenty-four cents in stamps to the symphony office in the Merchants National Bank Building. William Edson Strobbridge, assistant manager of the symphony, has had a busy week with much of the responsibility for arrangements of the organization on his hands, since Dr. Norman Bridge, the president,

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is in Chicago; G. Allen Hancock, chairman of the management committee, is in New York; John G. Mott, another member of the management committee, is out of the city; and J. T. Fitzgerald, the fourth member of the committee, has been on a motoring trip.

In place of the first fall organ recital of Archibald Sessions there will be presented under his direction at Christ Church, Thursday evening, November 18, Fierne's "Children's Crusade," given by the combined choirs of the church, assisted by several soloists. The part of the Narrator will be taken by Henry Balfour, tenor; Mrs. Bertha Winslow Vaughn, soprano, will appear as Allys; Mrs. Catherine Shank, soprano, as Alain; the Mothers will be Mrs. Clea Brownrigg, Miss Ethel Best, Mrs. McComas Robinson and Mrs. Minnie Hance. Miss Myrtle Ouellet, harpist, will aid in the production. "Children's Crusade" was given under the direction of Mr. Sessions before the Friday Morning Club about two years ago, but that was its only previous presentation on the Pacific Coast. It is a work of the French ultra-modern school. Admission will be by ticket only, which may be obtained at the leading music stores or from F. W. Blanchard in Blanchard Hall.

Soloists for the Orpheus Club this season will be Grace James, Jaime Overton and Will Garroway. The first Orpheus concert of the season will be given November 4 at Trinity, featuring Miss James. Then the club will repeat the selections with which it won the \$3,000 prize at the San Francisco Eisteddfod. In a letter from Adjudicator E. R. Kroeger to Director Duply, the former wrote recently, "I never heard finer male chorus singing than that done by your club."

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(Continued on page eleven)

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Social & Personal

BRILLIANT among the weddings of the season was that of Miss Evelynne Laurette Francis and Mr. Donald Stent Simpson, the ceremony taking place Thursday evening in St. Matthias' church, West Washington street, in the presence of a large assemblage of friends and relatives. Rev. Albert Morton Smith officiated. The church was artistically decorated with quantities of fragrant flowers and greenery, a color scheme of pink and green being carried out. The altar was arranged with pink blossoms and tulle ribbons with the lighted tapers. Clusters of chrysanthemums and foliage, with fluffy bows or the pink tulle added touch, while the special seats for the family and the most intimate friends were marked with broad satin ribbons. The gowns of the bridesmaids carried out the same suggestion of pink, shading from the delicate flesh tones to the deep shell pink shades. Preceding the bridal party to the altar were the ushers, who included Mr. Wheeler Chase, Mr. Temple Ashbrook, Mr. Roger Prior and Mr. Howard McOwen. The bride, who is one of the most beautiful of Los Angeles' fair debutantes, was given away by her father. She was attired in a gown of white charmeuse and tulle, the stately long court train and the bodice being trimmed with rose point lace. Her veil of tulle fell to the edge of the skirt hem, being caught at the head with a coronet of orange blossoms, while sprays of the blossoms caught the veil to the skirt. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and maidenhair ferns. Miss Juanita Hamilton, who assisted as maid of honor, was attractively attired in a gown of the pink, and Mrs. Rex G. Hardy, sister of the bridegroom, who was the bride's matron of honor, wore a beautiful gown of the same general tone. The bridesmaids were Miss Irene Wixom, Miss Marie Wixom and Miss Harriet Russell. The gowns of all the young women were made alike, of chiffon satin with the old fashioned high bodice and the full skirts. They carried pink rosebuds and wore bridesmaids' short veils of pink tulle. Mr. Rex G. Hardy, brother-in-law of the young bridegroom served him as best man and the two little flower girls, Margaret Francis and Frances Alexander assisted in the pretty ceremony. They were dressed in dainty frocks of white d'esprit, with sashes and hair ribbons of pink satin. Each carried a long French basket filled with rose petals. Following the service at the church a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Evelynne Francis, 2625 West Boulevard. Here the decorations were carried out with clusters of shaggy pink chrysanthemums and foliage, intermingled with the September Morn roses. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson left for an extended wedding trip. After December 15 they will be at home to their friends at 2625 West Boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott R. Hayes who have recently returned from Petrograd, where Mr. Hayes held a high political position, are expected to arrive in Los Angeles about November 1, to pass a fortnight, later visiting the expositions at San Diego and San Francisco. Mr. Hayes is a son of former President Hayes and Mrs. Hayes, formerly Miss Maud Anderson, daughter of Mrs. A. T. Anderson, was well known in this city as Beryl Hope. Many courtesies are being planned for Mr. and Mrs. Hayes during their stay.

Miss Virginia Walsh, charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Walsh of 635 South Harvard boulevard, has decided upon the date of her marriage to Mr. Charles Nebeker, the wedding being scheduled for Wednesday, November 17, at 6 o'clock. Only close friends and relatives will be asked to witness the ceremony which will be read at the home of the bride's parents. Miss Walsh is not quite ready to make formal announcement of the names of her attendants. Many delightful affairs are being planned for the popular bride elect.

Mrs. William Threlkeld Bishop of 1342 West Adams street entertained at a luncheon of exquisite appointments Wednesday at the Craggs County Club in honor of Miss Anita Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Thomas of

South Flower street. The party motored out and back and the guests included Miss Thomas and her house guest, Miss Harriet Bush of Kalamazoo, Mich., who has been enjoying the summer here; Mrs. William Robert Munroe, Mrs. Paul Grimm, Mrs. Roy Silent, Miss Delight Shaffer, Miss Lucille Ballard, Miss Louise Hunt and Miss Helen Jones. Miss Bush left Thursday morning for her eastern home and after the holidays Miss Thomas will go east and pass the winter there.

Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth will be hostess at a bridge breakfast November 6, the affair specially to compliment Mrs. William D. Stephens, wife of Congressman Stephens, and Mrs. Frank H. Moon of West Adams street. Mrs. Hollingsworth is planning a series of affairs for the early autumn.

Formal announcement is made by Mrs. Clark Ross Mahan of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Marcella Margaret, to Mr. Pascal Henry Burke, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar D. Bennett, of 15 Chester place. The prominence of both the bride-elect's and groom's families make this approaching wedding one of great interest to local society. The date for the marriage has not been named as yet but will doubtless be one of the events of the early winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Wailes who have been at Santa Monica all summer, will return to Los Angeles about November 1. They will be guests in the home of Mrs. Wailes' mother, Mrs. Eleanor T. Brown, 1653 West Twenty-third street this winter.

Mrs. Jasper E. Crandall of 433 South Manhattan Place is entertaining today with a delightful luncheon at her home for a few of her many friends.

As an interesting surprise to many friends was the marriage of Miss Ethel McCoy, daughter of Mrs. Mildred Tucker McCoy of 2122 West Washington street, to Mr. Franklin Wilson Harper, son of Mrs. Ellen W. Harper of this city. The ceremony took place Wednesday afternoon, being witnessed only by the immediate relatives. The home was artistically decorated for the occasion with quantities of shaggy golden chrysanthemums and foliage. Rev. Dr. Charles Edward Locke officiated and the charming young bride was given away by her mother. She wore her going-away gown of Russian green broadcloth with a smart quatre-cornered hat of velvet, and carried an arm bouquet of lilies of the valley and bride's roses. Following the service a wedding luncheon was served and Mr. Harper and his bride later left in their automobile for a motoring trip to the north, where they will visit the exposition and other points of interest. On their return they will be at home after December 1 at 808 South New Hampshire street. The bride, who is a native daughter, is a Los Angeles High school graduate. With her mother she enjoyed extensive travel abroad following the completion of her studies, and was present at the coronation ceremonies of King George of England. Mr. Harper, who is a graduate of a Kansas University, has been prominent as a newspaper and magazine writer in New York and San Francisco. He has made his home in Los Angeles for the last five years, being popular as a member of the Sierra Madre Club where he has lived. He is identified in Los Angeles business circles as a successful young broker.

In honor of Prof. and Mrs. John Main Dixon, former residents of Japan, Mr. Ujio Ojama, the Japanese consul, and Mrs. Oyama entertained Thursday evening at their home, 1512 Hobart Boulevard, with a Japanese dinner. Several friends of the guests of honor were present at the delightful affair.

Miss Virginia Walsh, one of the most attractive of the young brides-elect, was hostess Monday at a merry little reunion of her sorority sisters, members of the Phi Delta Chi of Marlborough School. Many of the young women are young matrons now, and among those enjoying the occasion were Mrs. Walter Scott McPherson, formerly Miss Marjorie Severance; Miss Gwendolin Laughlin, Mrs. Wilfred K. Barnard, formerly Miss Katherine Clark; Mrs. Walter Brunswick, formerly Miss Sarah Russell



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Mrs. Axel Simonson entertained yesterday afternoon with an informal at home, from 3 to 5 at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Thresher, 37 Westmoreland place. Mr. and Mrs. Simonson will receive from 3 to 5 tomorrow afternoon at the same place. Mrs. Simonson, a recent bride was formerly Miss Helen Thresher.

In honor of Mrs. William D. Stephens of West Twenty-seventh street who with her husband, Congressman Stephens will leave soon for Washington, D. C., Mrs. Charles W. Hinchcliffe of Crenshaw Boulevard entertained Wednesday afternoon with an attractively appointed luncheon and auction bride party. The decorations were effectively carried out in the Hallowe'en effects and the same scheme prevailed in the favors. Places were arranged at the luncheon table for Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. M. C. Burnett, Mrs. Loren D. Sale, Mrs. Oscar M. Souden, Mrs. Frank E. Walsh, Mrs. Hugh Harrison, Mrs. Owen H. Churchill, Mrs. Roger Miller, Mrs. A. B. Taylor and Miss Ida White.

Mrs. Wellington Burke of 3003 Hall-dale avenue entertained with an informal dancing party Saturday evening, about twenty friends being invited for the occasion. She was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. R. B. Stephens and Miss Gertrude Bartee. The home was attractively decorated in the Hallowe'en colors, orange and black. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Rule, Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Macleish, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald A. Rule, Mrs. Elton F. Willcox, Mrs. Alene Van Kleck, Miss Franklin Taylor, Mr. Ted McVickar, Mr. Woodford Davisson, Mr. J. Graham Hambly, Mr. Wyles McNally, Mr. Macomber, Mr. Frank T. Widney and Mr. Hugo Steinkopff.

Mrs. Irving Ingraham of 2000 West Adams street entertained yesterday afternoon and evening the affair being in the nature of a benefit for the German-Austro-Hungarian Relief association. Bridge and "500" was the diversion for the afternoon and a delightful musical program was provided for the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Denis of Westlake avenue were among the visitors at the exposition at San Diego this

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week. They were accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant and Dr. William Everett Waddell.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason are enjoying a visit to San Francisco and the exposition. They plan to be away until the middle of November.

Of interest to many friends here is the announcement of the engagement of Miss Adela Harris of San Diego to Mr.

Harold McKnight, son of Dr. and Mrs. McKnight of this city. News of the betrothal was told at a daintily appointed luncheon given recently by the young bride-elect. The wedding will probably take place in January.

Mrs. Richard A. Dunnigan of 144 Hobart boulevard has issued invitations for a luncheon and bridge party to be given at the Los Angeles Athletic club Tuesday afternoon, November 9.

Formal announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. James Gysin of 1631 Wilton Place of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Laura Mae Gysin to Mr. Shelley Emmert Keiser, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Keiser of Van Buren Place. No date has been announced for the wedding as yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Eltinge Brown and little son who have been at Santa Monica for the summer have returned to the city and will be at home to their friends at 2420 Raymond avenue.

Mrs. John T. Stewart of West Eleventh street and Mrs. Leslie C. Brand of Glendale have returned to their homes after visiting for several weeks in San Diego the guests of Mrs. Stewart's sister.

Music and Musicians (Continued from Page 9.)

under his care and that of his assistants, Messrs. Hediger and De Lara, voices that have had much foundation work and now are coaching in the larger opera roles, and yet belonging to persons who have not sought the lime-light and who are unknown to the general public. Mr. De Lara, recently from the National Conservatory of Mexico City, is forming an opera chorus of singers who have good voices and some experience and the plan is to put on a complete opera at as early a date as possible. Another chorus of inexperienced singers will be formed, it is said, for practice, so as to be ready to join the first chorus next season.

Mrs. Dorothy Thayer, soprano, and Mr. Anthony Carlson, basso, will appear in a recital Saturday evening, November 6, at the Ebell clubhouse.

Lester Donahoe is billed for a recital at the Aeolian hall, New York city, October 27. Mr. Donahoe is a Becker pupil who studied with Rudolf Ganz last summer, in Maine, at the Swiss pianist's summer home and doubtless has improved "each shining hour."

In the illustrated special fall number of Musical America, Los Angeles' musical activities receive two pages of mention and pictures. As Boston gets only half a page more than this, the treatment awarded our musical activities is generous, especially as Boston will pour a lot of money into the coffers of the journal, whereas Los Angeles sends very little. Among the Los Angeles pictures are snapshots of L. E. Behrmer, Dr. Norman Bridge, G. Allen Hancock, Homer Grunn, Henry Schoenfeld (and dogs) and the Turnverein Germania manceur, with the two prize cups won in the Sangerfest. When it is learned that there are eight hundred and eighteen half-tone illustrations in this edition, covering artists, places of interests and other matters, it will be seen what a work it is to prepare such an edition. Mr. Freund's "Musical America" is well named in that it is the most representative musical journal the country affords. Its business and artistic ethics are the subject of eulogistic remark, as well as its enterprise and readable interest.

In the first popular concert of the symphony orchestra, December 4, an overture by Charles E. Pemberton will be played. Mr. Pemberton has been either oboe or violin player in this orchestra since its foundation, seventeen years ago and it is only proper that this recognition should be given his work, and when a man writes music for a symphony orchestra, it is a labor of love. The people that want money write the songs with the lurid covers.

Frederick Brueschweiler has resigned from the directorate of the Los Angeles choral society, feeling that the services he gave were worthy of more remuneration than circumscribed caloric atmosphere. The individual singer would not expect instruction gratis, so, why should singers, collectively? That a chorus of seventy could not afford to pay an expert choral director a sum of, perhaps seven dollars—ten cents each for an evening's study is a joke—not on the director. Mr. Brueschweiler worked faithfully last season with this chorus

and the progress it made was shown at its last concert and given favorable comment in this column at the time. It is fortunate for the society that Edward Lebegott has decided to stay here and has consented to direct it this season. We hope the terms are more favorable to Mr. Lebegott. The society is now rehearsing "The Messiah" under his baton. That much abused "Messiah"! Why not a modern work not given every season by every choral society?

Musical Courier has given Los Angeles recognition recently in the publication of a reprint of an article in this department of The Graphic on the subject of advertising by the music teacher and performer. Also, by printing a most attractive snapshot of Director Tandler—in a one-piece bathing suit—anchored off Catalina Island—the director, not the suit. The herr director better look "a leedle oudt" or an argumentative soul will seize on his pictured anatomy to illustrate an essay on the moot subject, "Is Music Immoral." This is one of the favorite subjects for discussion in the musical clubs. On which side of the argument the illustration would be used, I cannot say.

Michael Eisoff is to play the 'cello in the Saint Saens quintet this season, in place of the late Mrs. Menasco. He played with the quintet last night in the recital of the club at the Ebell club house, which will be noticed at more length in this column next week.

Hugh Allen pleased immensely his large audience at the Friday Morning Club last week, by his finished vocalization of several operatic and folk song numbers. He plans to sing with Mary Garden on her recovery and return to this country.

At the Gamut Club last week, at the mid-month meeting, there were heard the Gordin quintet, composed of Mae Gates, S. Gergman, E. E. Carter, Daisy Carter and Marjorie Hicks; Robert Alter in 'cello solos, accompanied by Otto Niessen and Henry Schoenfeld; Mae Gates, in violin solos; the Orpheus tri-quartet, and other musical numbers. Impromptu speeches were made by Seward Simons, Will Chapin, Ben Scovell and Chas. E. Eager. These Bohemian musicales and smokers are much enjoyed by the Gamuters.

Tuesday afternoons, before each symphony concert, Mrs. Ethel Lunde, accompanied by Gertrude Ross, will lecture on the symphony program at Cum-nock hall. Those who want to prepare for the most enjoyment to be had from the programs will take advantage of these lectures.

Molly Byerly Wilson, dramatic contralto, appeared in a recital program at Santa Paula last evening, thereby fulfilling her final local engagement prior to her Eastern concert tour. Miss Wilson leaves for Chicago November 4 to begin her concert work, and plans have been consummated for a season of four or five months.

Notes from Bookland

Amelie Langdon believes that the difficulty of cooking economically for two persons is in many ways greater than in the case of a large family. She has studied carefully the problems of the housewife who cooks for only self and husband, and has compiled several hundred recipes in a new cook book, "Just for Two," a work containing also valuable suggestions for young housewives and instructions in economy. The book is published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

Berton Braley, whose new book of poems, "Songs of the Workaday World," is a fall publication, is an alumnus of the University of Wisconsin, and has tried such a variety of occupations as those of carpenter, ditch digger, miner, book agent, farmhand, census taker, newspaperman, and magazine editor.

Don Marquis, whose book of poems, "Dreams and Dust," was published last week, is well known to all readers of the New York "Evening Sun" for his verses and the humor of his column, "The Sun Dial." After leaving his native state, Illinois, Mr. Marquis was for a while assistant to Joel Chandler Harris on "Uncle Remus' Magazine."

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce the addition of a booklet for free distribution entitled "Who is Julia Page" by Martha Plaisted, to their already long list of interesting little brochures upon authors. Although the title of the booklet refers directly to Kathleen Norris' latest novel "The Story of Julia Page," the matter refers generally to Mrs. Nor-

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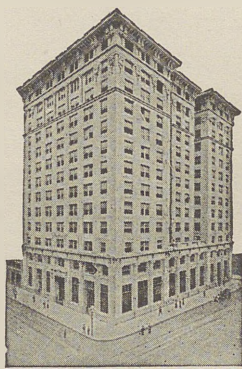
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Sept. 17, 1915.

Non-Coal.

Notice is hereby given that Ida E. Rundle, whose post-office address is 1445 S. Flower St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 9th day of January, 1915, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 025501, to purchase the N½ NE¼, Section 19, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200, the stone estimated at \$100 and the land \$100; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of November, 1915, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

No withdrawals.

JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

ris and her literary creed, taking the form of an interview with the author and giving an intimate picture of her personality. The cover of the booklet is taken from the frontispiece by C. Allen Gilbert.

Those who have read "A Beacon for the Blind" will not be surprised that the author, Miss Winifred Holt, should find so much of inspiration among the blind soldiers with whom she is now working. A study of Henry Fawcett's indomitable courage and wonderful achievements is not the least of the preparation Miss Holt has had for her work, and gives one hope even for the infinitely sadder cases with which she is now concerned.

Books

PROFESSOR Bliss Perry's little book "Thomas Carlyle, How to Know Him," is more than a mere appreciation of the greatest writer of the nineteenth century. It is a timely and illuminating contribution to war-literature, because it reminds us that Prussian militarism, which now dominates the entire imperial Germanic confederation, was "made in Scotland." It was Carlyle who invoked the grim ghost of Frederick the Great to crush the feeble mock-Bonapartism of Napoleon the Little; and the brand that set the world on fire grew on the heathery brass of Craigenputtock—the "Hill of the Hawk." In his treatment of the evolution of the philosophic-historian from his native origin and environment, Professor Perry displays considerable judgment, in spite of the paradoxical inconsistency of his opening pages. In his "preliminary," the author says, "Carlyle was a Scottish peasant." In his first chapter he tells us that Carlyle's father was a "stone-mason," that is to say, a housebuilder and contractor. Houses in Scotland are all and always built of stone; never of wood or brick.

There is, of course, a certain amount of fascination in the belief that Carlyle and Burns were miraculous "peasants;" but the truth is, Burns' education lasted until the completion of his eighteenth year, and it was only the lure of a political "job" that prevented him from becoming a professor in Edinburgh University—the position was offered to him while Carlyle was a "stickit minister," that is to say, a divinity student who enrolled for the theology course at the completion of four years of university work, but did not "finish." Instead, like many other Scottish "stickit ministers," he turned his attention to pedagogy. He was professor of mathematics at Annan Academy, one of the higher schools of Scotland; then a private tutor for University students, first in Kirkcaldy, after ward in Edinburgh. He read law, studied mineralogy, and, finally, and climactically, for it was this that determined his career, mastered the German language, and became one of the greatest forces in German life and literature. In view of the remarkable sequel of his propagandism, it may not be hyperbolic to say boldly that he was, unreservedly, the greatest force, and "si monumentem requiris, circumspice!"

Strange to relate, the first instruction-manuals of the new German army were penned in the Dumfriesshire moorlands, and published in London. So vividly-accurate were Carlyle's descriptions of military operations and tactics, campaigns and battles, in his "Frederick the Great," that, (says Professor Perry,) "for many years after the publication of the work it was used as a textbook by German officers." Germany welcomed its exotic literary and national leader with warm enthusiasm. His works were translated into German almost sheet by sheet as they came from the press. They reached Germany long before they reached the United States. Many of the striking phrases of aggressiveness attributed to German spokesmen are those of their Scottish evangelist of pan-Germanism. They are not recognized in the United States, because Carlyle is not well-known in the United States. This is a national misfortune, which Professor Perry's excellent volume may help to remedy. People who have not read Carlyle cannot possibly understand modern Germany. One must know the German gospel before one may discuss intelligently its ministers. When Bismarck talked of "Blood and Iron" he was echoing Carlyle in "Cromwell." When the Kaiser speaks of a "campaign of frightfulness" he is paraphrasing Carlyle.

Racially, as Professor Perry points out, Carlyle represented England's most inveterate enemies, the border clans, a tribe of "pithy, bitter-speaking bodies and awful fighters," to whom the name "England" was anathema and the word "Englishman" synonymous with weakness and drudge. Another great borderer, Walter Scott, contemptuously catalogues the English as "spinners, weavers and such-like mechanical persons," putting the words into the mouth of Rob Roy. But England lost its national individuality, excepting as a province,

when it became merged in the United Kingdom in 1801; and it is the United Kingdom which has built the British Empire. The great and bewildering mistake of William and Germany, a mistake which is so prevalent in the United States also that it is impossible to find a newspaper which is not victimized by it, is the failure to recognize this political condition; and to discern further the fact that while England for many years has been only a province of the United Kingdom, the United Kingdom itself is now only the central (not the governing) power in a vast, home-ruled, democratic empire.

Professor Perry's book must be read before the attitude of Germany toward Scotland can be understood and appreciated. Kaiser William of Germany is a descendant of Banquo, the founder of the Scottish Stuart dynasty; and the honorary colonel of the Argyle and Sutherland highlanders firmly believes that he is the legitimist heir to the Scottish crown. At the outbreak of the war, there were Scottish soldiers in his body-guard; and he was attended by a Scottish piper. While it may not be true that (as some have said) the Kaiser thinks he is the reincarnation of Frederick the Great; it is true that he is "inspired" by the policies of Frederick; and that Thomas Carlyle, Frederick's biographer, has been a powerful factor in the construction of the character of the Kaiser. For this reason, while England has been raided both by air and by sea, not a hostile German gun has been heard by the sentinels on the rugged Scottish coast. It was a northern English and not a southern Scottish seaside town that was shelled by a German fleet—yet the border was only a few miles away.

Not a bomb has been dropped in a Scottish city. Classical Edinburgh and busy Glasgow sleep in peace. No "enemy airships" have visited Carlyle's country. No malign "Taube" has whirled above the tomb of the reconstructor and inspirer of modern Germany, and German sentimentalism is not altogether dead. ("Thomas Carlyle; How to Know Him." By Bliss Perry. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Bullock's.)

God's Man

This is a case of God's man in name only, for Arnold L. Hommedieu, who gives title to the story, does so through his name rather than through his character. The book is by George Bronson Howard, and with the "Bronson Howard" combination one would expect dramatic results. It portrays the experiences of three college chums, who are expelled from college and go their ways in the metropolis. Their associations are mainly of the lowest—thieves and light women, politicians and political grafters, smugglers and hypocrites. Little wonder that they come to a bad end, though the author considerably sends his alleged hero to jail as a sacrifice to—shall we say—the susceptibilities of his readers? If there is a purpose in the book, it may be to warn by "horrid" examples, but one is inclined to suspect that the author has a decided grouch against the present order of things, for he displays much bitterness in depicting certain of his characters, as for instance, the hypocritical merchant, passing the plate Sunday and conniving with smugglers Monday; the boot-licking police judge; the parasite women of the horse-leech daughters class; the weak and pampered youths of the night life; and others who come in for sarcastic treatment. However, interest is fairly well sustained until toward the end, when the author seems to say, "I am tired of this, what is the quickest way to end it? Ah! I will make Arnold repent on the last page; 'renunciation,' 'expiation' are good words to close with." Without doubt, Mr. Howard knows his settings and has expressed his atmosphere. His characters are virilely drawn and his style is graphic. ("God's Man." By George Bronson Howard. Bobbs, Merrill Co. Bullock's.)

The Man Trail

Henry Oyen need not be ashamed of his entrance into extended fiction or of his first book. "The Man Trail" is not

happily named, but it is a virile and interesting story. It deals with the adventures of a New York young man, sent by his father into the woods of the northwest to atone for sundry examples of business inability. This John Peabody is placed in the camps of a gruff old uncle, the king of the region, and is shown no favors, but is obliged to work his way into favor and position. This he does with strength, skill and good fellowship, but not without incurring enmities; and it is the manner in which he overcomes his obstacles that makes the story. Of course, there is a girl; and equally as a matter of course he wins her in the end. But the sentimental side of the story is subordinated to the atmosphere of the woods and of the lumber jacks' camp. Anyone can write sentiment of a sort but it takes talent to impart a truthful atmosphere and present realistic settings. ("The Man Trail." By Henry Oyen. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

Happy Hollow Farm

Land hunger comes to most human beings, but if available statistics are to be believed it is more often the writing man, or woman, who gratifies it by joining the back-to-the-farm movement. The late Whitelaw Reid, after a disastrous two years' experience early in his life, when he forsook editorial duties for a plantation in Louisiana, remarked that every man who ever pushed a pen for a living had a soft spot in his brain over the joys of country life. Perhaps the general impression in this regard is heightened by the ability of this class of city-men-turned-farmers to write of their experiences. Not all, however, are so successful either in farming or in conveying the charms of country life through the printed page as is William R. Lighton, whose "Happy Hollow Farm" tells of the experiences of himself and his family in reclaiming a run-down tract of land in the Ozark mountains. Lighton's tale is unique in that it was simply desire for a real home for himself and future generations of Lightons which prompted his move. He had not lost his job, he was not facing a nervous breakdown, he was not worn to desperation trying to make both ends meet, but he had wanted this one thing all his life and he went out to find it. How well he succeeded and what he learned he tells for the benefit of other city weary mortals who may be contemplating a return to the land. The book is an elaboration of a story which the author wrote in 1910, when he had been on his farm two years, and which was published in a weekly periodical. As a result of that story Lighton received, before he stopped counting, 3,500 letters from persons who wished to do just what he had done. He has now been on his farm six years and his more mature convictions are expressed in the present volume. ("Happy Hollow Farm." By William R. Lighton. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

Thirty

Obsessed by desire to reform, Howard Vincent O'Brien has written a sermon called "Thirty." Unfortunately for the effects of the sermon, it masquerades under the guise of a novel, but the mask is so thin and poor that the reader has no difficulty in discovering the identity of this new recruit to the ranks of quasi-fiction. The sermon itself has little to distinguish it from thousands of other denunciations of present conditions; there is nothing interesting in the author's method of setting forth his cause, there is nothing novel in the disguise assumed by the book in its attempt to attract attention. An ordinary heroine—ordinary in that she is prodigiously wealthy—is awakened from her life of social gaiety by being thrown in contact with an idealistically inclined newspaperman. Her brother, a ridiculous nobody, suffers from the same uplift, and her lover, a mouth-preaching clergyman, becomes a victim to the same spell. Of course, the newspaper man falls in love with the allegedly attractive woman of wealth, but she cannot marry one who knows not the difference between an oyster- and salad-fork, so after accomplishing his mission, the unfortunate young man (who has not the sense to buy a book on etiquette and so break down the difference in the matter of forks) goes off to his lonely room in the tenement and dies on page 330. It is "Thirty" in his career, and we are given to understand that a new story soon starts for the heiress and her clergyman-lover, who now is wearing red neckties. That the characters are one and all impossible could be forgiven were they capable of exciting the least interest in the reader, but one can pro-

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ceed to the end, which comes after 330 pages of, fortunately, large print without one palpitation as to their ultimate destiny. ("Thirty." By Howard Vincent O'Brien. Dodd, Mead & Co. Bullock's.)

Island of Surprise

Cyrus Townsend Brady, who has gone to the South Sea Islands of late for his romances, has produced another, laid in the same locality; but the situations are decidedly novel, and with his usual skill are brought to a happy climax. In the denouement no one has to be put out of the way to clear the field, except a lot of bushy-headed, brutal savages, who do not count for much, as there were so many of them. Robert Lovell and Dorothy Arden, to whom he has been secretly married, and Dorothy Cassilis, to whom he has made violent love on ship-board, are marooned on an uninhabited South Sea island by a hurricane, with no immediate prospect of being rescued. Soon, they are subsisting in the regulation way, on pineapples, coconuts, breadfruit, and sago palm, with fish, caught in pools at low tide. Their clothing is so tattered and torn that they are compelled almost immediately to fashion covering from rushes, and in a few weeks they are as primitive almost as Adam and Eve, or rather Adam and two Eves in the Garden. The women are both shown to be of so lovable a nature that one cannot blame the lone man for thinking "if he could only decide which one he loved, to his own satisfaction, he would be content to pass the remainder of his days in this idyllic Eden. But there was always the other." Both the Eves are deeply in love with Adam. Through a fall Lovell suffers the loss of memory of events of the previous six years. And the way those two women quarreled over him as he lay ill! But when he recovers and attempts to assert his fancied prerogatives they drive him forth from the cave, their home, at the point of an automatic. When the cannibals come to prepare a banquet, they espy him, and decide he would prove palatable. After a desperate battle in which the girls ably assist him, at the critical moment, a British warship, in pursuit of German cruisers, throws a few shrapnel shells among the savages. There are a number of fine double-page drawings by Walter Tittle, which well illustrate the rapid transition of the whites from civilized ways to cave man and cave women. However, all's well that ends well. They are rescued and Lovell regains his memory and forgets the unpleasant island episodes. ("The Island of Surprise." By Cyrus Townsend Brady. A. C. McClurg Co. Bullock's.)

Little Miss Grouch

Samuel Hopkins gives us an entertaining story with amusing twists in his "Little Miss Grouch" the title of which is earned by Miss Cecily Wayne, daughter of a Wall street broker, by her dowdy appearance and nervous ill-temper when she dresses in her maid's clothing and starts for Europe to escape the attentions of an unwelcome suitor. She is christened "Miss Grouch" by Alexander Forsyth Smith, following his attempts to engage her in conversation, but the young man later discovers she is extremely good looking and pays her much attention despite the efforts of a self-appointed chaperon and the girl's father, who uses the wireless in attempting to keep the young couple from becoming too friendly. Owing to an accident at sea the girl's ship is delayed and her father reaches London before her arrival. He meets her at the landing, is introduced to the charming Mr. Smith and affords the expected happy ending by consenting to the marriage of the young people. The story is cleverly written in conversational form and is in Adams' usual humorous vein. ("Little Miss Grouch." By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Houghton Mifflin Co. Bullock's.)

❖ In the World of Amateur Sports ❖

HERE will be one more team in the contests of the Southern California Golf Association this winter and one more club to which to add dates when the members of the golf world meet at the California Club November 19 to arrange the winter program. Annandale has decided that its course is now worthy as a place of meeting for the experts of the south and will have a team in the field, headed by J. E. Story. The Annandale Club, started with the brightest of prospects, was the victim of that storm of two or three years ago which created such havoc at the San Gabriel Club, and its new course was practically wiped out. It has, however, been reconstructed, better than ever. Selection of the course for the annual Southern California championship will be one of the debatable questions before the golf association. Annandale is entitled to the championships, on the rule of rotation, but Los Angeles on the strength of its recent improvements is making a strong bid for the honor, with, apparently, prospects of landing it.

Last Saturday was a busy day at all the clubs hereabouts and today promises to be even busier. At the Los Angeles Club that veteran golfer, John W. Wilson, lowered the colors of the summer sensation, Judge William Frederickson—by 1 up in the second round of the fall handicap. Third round matches have been played this week. A notable event of last Saturday was the winning by Ed Tufts of his first golf cup, when in match play against par he finished one up on par with his handicap allowance. Tufts has been club handicapper and a New England conscience has prevented his giving himself enough allowance in the past to permit of his capturing any trophies.

Out at Midwick the two leaders of California golf, "Scotty" Armstrong of that club, who is state champion, and Harry H. K. Davis of San Francisco, winner of the exposition tournament, appeared together Saturday in a foursome against the professionals, Frank Peebles of Midwick and Charles Adams of Santa Barbara. The professionals won, largely because Armstrong is not fully recovered from a recent illness. Norman Macbeth won the match against bogey, 8 up, 77 medal score; J. V. Eliot and Dr. Dudley Fulton second, 4 up; J. C. Drake and Michael J. Connell tied for third, 3 up. Handicap match play at Annandale Saturday was won by W. H. Cornett, 74 medal score, 2 up on par.

Good Polo Sport on Midwick Field

Fine practice games of polo on the beautiful Midwick field are providing thrills for spectators as well as valuable training for the players every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and with the approach of the winter tournaments the Midwick poloists are rounding into form which indicates that the club will be represented by a strong team. Reds and Whites carry no significance in line-up on the polo afternoons, as the players are changed about frequently, but once elected to a side as much enthusiasm is shown for it by the team members as though the contest were an international one. Last Wednesday the Reds, Dr. Z. T. Malaby, Harold Cook, Reggie Weiss and Carleton Burke, defeated the Whites, Lloyd Macy, Harry Weiss, R. G. Neustadt and Hugh Drury, by a score of 8½ to 2. Tod Ford alternated with Lloyd Macy as Number 1 for the Whites. Dr. Malaby made the remarkable record of three goals in the fourth chucker. But six chuckers were played. Several of the players tried out green ponies of which they have great hopes. The games are attracting large galleries to Midwick.

Thanksgiving Tennis Match as Usual

It is announced that the annual Thanksgiving doubles tennis tournament of the Los Angeles Country Club will be held as usual this year on the club courts, November 25, 26 and 27, despite the fact that the dates conflict with the women's big tennis match at Long Beach. As there is no play at the beach November 26 it is hoped to have Miss Molla Bjurstedt, Mrs. Tom Bundy, Mrs. Wightman and Miss Mary Browne take part in an exhibition match at the club on that date.

Simpson's Low Score

Bob Simpson, of the Orange County Country Club, was the winner of the thirty-six hole medal play for professionals held at that club this week. Ten professionals from Southern California

clubs participated. Simpson made the low score of 139 for the two rounds. This was the first of a series of contests for club professionals which are to be held this fall and winter at the various Southern California country clubs.

S. C. T. A. City Tournament Results

Eugene Warren, tennis star of U. S. C., was the winner of the men's singles in the city clay court tournament held Saturday and Sunday at the Hotel Leighton under the auspices of the Southern California Tennis Association. In the finals Warren defeated Clarence Barker, 6-3, 6-3. Changing from his ordinary careful, chopping game, the winner overcame his opponent by a strong driving attack. Beatriz Burnham provided the surprise of the meeting when she defeated Jessie Grieve in the women's singles finals, 6-2, 2-6, 6-3. The veterans, Browne and Thompson, were defeated in the men's doubles finals by Dixon and Hart, 6-2, 9-7. Browne played his customary strong back-court game but Dr. Thompson was hardly up to his best form. Warren and Miss Jessie Grieve and Miss Mungren and Ed McCormick are the finalists in mixed doubles to be played today.

Hawks-Clover Playing Good Tennis

Those two close tennis rivals of the south, Kenneth Hawks and Greayer Clover, are united at Stanford and last week won the college interfraternity tournament for Delta Kappa Epsilon from the Beta Theta Pi team, Catlin Wolford and M. G. Kyle, by the score of 4-6, 6-2 and 6-3. Clover and Hawks have frequently opposed each other in state and southern tournaments but are now renewing the team combination they formed when they represented the Pasadena High School two years ago. Clover was the winner of state interscholastic championship this year, while Hawks won the Ojai tournament. They are expected to form one of the strongest teams ever sent out by Stanford.

To Decide Women's Championship

Who is the greatest woman tennis player in America is not to be much longer left in doubt, since the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association has finally succeeded in making arrangements for a series of matches between the four acknowledged leaders which will be so extensive as to permit of little argument over whatever may be the result. Of these four leading women players three hail, or originally did, from California while the fourth is from Norway. The east will find small comfort in the matches which are to be played at San Francisco, November 12, 13 and 14 and on the courts of the Hotel Virginia at Long Beach, November 25 and 27. The four principal contenders will be Miss Molla Bjurstedt, the national champion, Mrs. Tom Bundy, twice champion of the world under the name of May Sutton, Miss Mary Browne, three times national champion of America, and Mrs. George W. Wightman who as Miss Hazel Hotchkiss of California three times won the national title and has a record of having defeated Mrs. Bundy, of which the others cannot boast. The matches should provide the greatest excitement afforded Pacific coast tennis lovers this fall and will undoubtedly be the greatest ever held among women players in the history of the game. Mrs. Bundy, not alone for her performances in the rather distant past, but also upon her wonderful showing in this vicinity this summer, is locally regarded as the favorite. Of the other three principal contenders for the women's coast championship, Miss Mary Browne has the cleanest record, not having lost a set in the three years she was national champion, 1912, 1913, and 1914. Yet she was powerless before Mrs. Bundy last summer when the two met at Long Beach and she was able to take only three games in two sets. Mrs. Wightman and Miss Bjurstedt have met four times this summer in eastern tournaments and three times the little Norwegian has come off winner. The women's match will be an incident, the crowning one, in the Pacific Coast Lawn Tennis Championships, which are to be held at the California Lawn Tennis Club courts in San Francisco, October 30 and 31 and November 2, 6, 7, 12, 13 and 14. Seven events will be held, as follows: women's singles, men's singles, women's doubles, men's doubles, junior singles, junior doubles and mixed doubles. A number of southern players expect to compete.

Entries for all events will close at 5 p. m. October 28. They should be sent to J. C. Rohlf, 507 Standard Oil Building, San Francisco. For the junior events entries will be limited to players under 19 years of age who have never won an open championship event. In addition to the interest in the women's singles, a match which will be closely watched will be that between Willie Johnston, the national champion, and the man he conquered, Maurice McLoughlin. The match will have a considerable bearing on the ranking of the two men for 1915.

Bentel and Mackey's Accessory Work

There is a new feature in the one-man top which Bentel & Mackey, automobile experts, are showing in the accessories department of the Broadway Auto Show. Instead of the easily cracked celluloid with which the back windows of most folding tops are made, a fine beveled plate glass window is installed. This firm has recently been doing a great deal of fine automobile body work, its most finished job, perhaps, having been the construction of a handsome one entirely of aluminum for Thomas Ince, the motion picture magnate. In the line of commercial auto bodies the concern has turned out good work for H. Jevne Company, J. W. Robinson Company, Albert Cohn, the Pig 'n Whistle, the Arden Dairy and other large local houses.

Notes From Bookland

Financial systems of the federal, state, county, and city governments in America are clearly explained in Dr. Carl C. Plehn's new book, "Government Finance in the United States." This eminent authority uses statistics freely, but not

tiresomely, and makes many valuable suggestions concerning taxation and public expenditure. The work is published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

Arthur Guiterman, whose book of humorous verse, "The Laughing Muse," has just been published, is an instructor in journalism at the New York University, offering a course in newspaper and magazine verse. Mr. Guiterman himself was educated at the College of the City of New York.

Miss Agnes C. Laut, whose new book, "The Canadian Commonwealth," has just been issued, is a native of Ontario, but in early age moved to Winnipeg, where she attended college and later engaged in newspaper work, on the Manitoba Free Press. Subsequently, she became a correspondent and contributor to other American, English and Canadian papers and magazines, and for some years was a member of the editorial staff of Outing. Her enthusiasm for outdoor life led her to make many adventurous trips to little known regions of the Canadian northland, and on one occasion she made the two-thousand-mile canoe trip down the Saskatchewan River from Edmonton to Lake Winnipeg.

"Source Problems in English History," a book by Albert Beebe White and Wallace Notestein, is published this week by Harper & Brothers. This, the third volume to be issued in Harper's Source Problems Series, is intended for use in the more general and elementary college courses in English history. The authors of this book have presented the broader problems of the origin and development of certain English political practices, with critical periods and national struggles, or with economic and social changes. The connection between English institutions and those of New England are brought out. The authors have been aided by the counsel of Prof. Dana Carleton Munro.

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HERBERT F. BROWN, 190 East Colorado St., Pasadena.
PACIFIC NEWS AGENCY, San Diego, Cal.

Stocks & Bonds

MINING stocks have held the market on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week and the visit of a number of local brokers to the Oatman-Gold Roads district of Arizona early in the week has resulted in several days of the most active trading known here for many months. The excitement started Monday when Ivanhoe Consolidated Mines, a new stock, was given its first call. More than 300,000 shares changed hands during the day, practically all at 17½ cents or 18 cents on buyer's 30-day option. The stock was handled in blocks of from 5,000 to 94,000 shares. Ivanhoe continued steady and at this writing is in strong demand at the same figure, 17½ cents. Big Jim has strengthened and but a small amount was obtainable at the improved quotation of 39 cents. For the first time in several months a transaction was reported in Tom Reed, the pioneer mine of the Oatman-Gold Roads district, when 200 shares were sold at \$2.40. Lucky Boy shows a little activity at consistent quotations hovering around 14-15 cents. United Eastern has taken a jump to bid \$4.30 with none offered at below \$4.75.

In the oil securities a small amount of Producers Transportation was sold at the usual figure of \$70. Union was in greater demand, selling early in the week at \$60 and later bracing to \$60.25. United Oil showed improvement and several thousand shares were traded in at 17½ cents. West Coast Oil has declared a dividend of \$1.50 a share on the preferred, payable November 15 to stock of record November 10. The preferred is now quoted at bid \$106.50, asked \$112.50.

Los Angeles Investment has monopolized what little interest was shown in the industrial issues. After sales of a considerable amount at 43 cents the bids slipped back to 41½ cents with none offered at that figure. Bank stocks were exceedingly quiet, there being but few calls and no sales. An awakening of attention to seasoned bonds was noted, particularly to Home Telephone Refunding 5's at 82 and to Los Angeles Railroad Corporation 5's at 86.

Among the Los Angeles brokers who made the mine inspection trip to the Oatman-Gold Roads district were H. E. Woods, J. N. Nevius, W. P. O'Mera, S. M. Warmbath, A. W. Coote, William H. Cole, W. S. McGiffert, Rudolph Mausard, E. H. Schiek, Arthur Weber, Elmer Fray, C. C. Spier, Charles Cole, R. A. Watson, R. Covert, Lester M. Dunn and a number of others. Representatives of the San Francisco Stock Exchange were also present to inspect the mines.

Banks and Bankers

Nominations for two directors of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco will take place November 10 and banks have been sent to all member banks asking them to nominate directors. The men whose terms upon the San Francisco federal bank board expire December 31, 1915, are Alden Anderson, Class A director, and John A. MacGregor, Class B director. Bankers generally predict that Anderson will be retained and that MacGregor, also, is likely to be reelected.

F. H. Colburn has been elected manager of the San Francisco Clearing House Association, with Thomas Burns as his assistant. Colburn is secretary of the California Bankers' Association and of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco. For several years he has been assistant manager of the clearing house. Burns for more than twenty-five years has been cashier of the United States sub-treasury at San Francisco.

Italy's \$25,000,000 government one-year 6 per cent convertible notes are being offered in this country at 100 and interest a syndicate composed of New York financial institutions including Lee, Higginson & Co., Guaranty Trust Company, National City Bank, Farmers Loan and Trust, Potter, Choate & Co., Joseph Seligman & Co., and Kissel, Kinnicutt & Co. Italy's public debt is stated to be \$90 per capita, less than half that

of either Great Britain or France and considerably less than that of Germany or Austria-Hungary. The Italian notes are reported to be popular in New York.

Stock and Bond Briefs

First payment to stockholders in the liquidation of the United States Express Company is to be made shortly. It will amount to \$25 a share. Considerable time has been required to effect a distribution of the company's assets, which, according to the 1914 statement, amounted to \$14,250,000, of which \$5,000,000 represented securities held by the corporation.

Dominick & Dominick of New York have announced that \$1,700,000 of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. 6 per cent cumulative debenture stock which they have been offering at 105 has been entirely sold.

Sears, Roebuck Company have declared regular quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent, payable November 15 to stock of record October 30.

Directors of the International Harvester Corporation, the foreign harvester company, have again passed its quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent, which was due October 15.

Jumbo Extension dividend of 10 per cent is payable December 31 to stock of record November 20.

Regularly quarterly dividend of 2 per cent a share has been declared by the Pullman Company, payable November 15 to stock of record October 30.

Columbia Graphophone Company announces its regular quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent on the preferred stock, payable November 15, the books to close November 1.

Victor Talking Machine Company has declared its customary quarterly dividend of 5 per cent and an extra dividend of 10 per cent, making 50 per cent declared so far this year.

Elgin National Watch Co. will pay its regular quarterly dividend of 2 per cent November 1 to stock of record October 23.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Los Angeles

Proposed county road bond issue defeated in election.

Frank M. Coulter, pioneer merchant, dies suddenly.

Chamber of Commerce collects funds to assure continuance of San Diego fair.

Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford visit city.

Two policemen held on charge of murder for shooting seventeen-year-old boy.

California

Proposed non-partisan law and possibly all other measures on ballot at special state election defeated.

Oil boom in Imperial valley.

Pacific Coast League baseball season ends.

Army aviators at San Diego establish new flying record.

United States

Germans arrested in New York on charges of bomb plots against American munition factories.

President Wilson asked to suspend working of Seamen's Act.

New Haven railroad directors and former directors on trial.

United States recognizes Carranza.

Court of inquiry blames rusty rivets and corroded battery lining for disaster to submarine F-4.

Foreign

Renewed peace rumors in Europe denied by government officials.

German air raids on city of Venice.

Servians retire before German-Austrian advance.

United States sends note to Great Britain on interference with neutral commerce.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.

Non-Coal. 016227

October 18, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Wilhelm Fischer, of Highland, California, who, on August 26, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 016227, for W½ NE¼, and E½ NW¼, Section 21, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Calif., at 9:00 a. m., on the 10th day of December, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: William David Sewell, of Corral Canyon, Calif.; Chauncey E. Hubbell, Carl J. Ostrom, both of Escondido, Calif.; Joseph A. Anker, of Los Angeles, Calif.

JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

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GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

UNEXPECTEDLY, a postponement of the conference between representatives of Los Angeles commercial bodies and officials of the Pacific Board of Fire Underwriters scheduled to be held at San Francisco last Saturday for a discussion of the increase of insurance rates in Los Angeles, was made and the meeting is being held today in the northern city. Meanwhile, efforts have been redoubled by what is known as the Citizens' Two-Platoon Committee to obtain a reopening of the fire-houses recently ordered closed here because of lack of funds, following the adoption of the two-platoon fire department system. D. J. Coyle, chairman of the committee, has obtained a statement from W. D. Hamman, former deputy city auditor and county efficiency expert, to the effect that more than \$270,000 of the city's revenue of the current year is unappropriated and lying idle and that it could be used to supply the funds needed for reopening at least six of the ten closed fire houses. Mr. Hamman carefully explained in his communication that he made it simply as a private citizen and not in any official capacity. Mayor Sebastian has been appealed to by the committee to use his influence with the council for the reopening of the fire houses, as it is believed this will have an effect on the insurance rate controversy.

What is said to be the largest transaction in insurance ever made west of the Missouri River has been consummated by George A. Rathbun, Los Angeles manager, and Cecil Frankel, Los Angeles associate manager, of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, whereby the Union Oil company takes out \$3,000,000 of life insurance on its employees. The oil company, by this action, will protect the life of every employee, including officers of the company and its subsidiaries, to the extent of \$1,000 for death from any cause whatever. The only exception to the employees covered are seamen in the marine department who are not engaged by the month. The policies will remain in force while the person covered is employed by the oil company or its subsidiaries but are to be terminated when employment ceases. Officials find that the proposal to protect employees seems to be greatly appreciated and binds the men in closer sympathy with their officials. The plan is one which has been used with great success by a number of large concerns in the east, including the Studebaker Automobile Company, Montgomery-Ward & Co., Proctor & Gamble Co., Globe-Wernicke Company and others.

All the casualty brokers of the city were the guests of the Behrandt-Levy Company, Los Angeles agent of the Royal Indemnity Company, at a luncheon given Wednesday at the Sierra Madre Club for Charles H. Holland of New York, general manager of the Royal, and A. L. Johnson of San Francisco, its Pacific coast manager. Thirty guests were present. Mr. Holland gave a short talk on indemnity insurance.

Next week the headquarters of the Los Angeles Fire Underwriters Association will be moved from Room 623 to Room 331 Security Building. The change will be made because W. P. Battelle, new president of the organization, has his own business location but a few doors from that now selected by the association. G. T. Atchlev, the popular manager, will remain in charge of the office.

Mac O. Robbins, president of the California State Association of Local Fire Insurance Agents, upon whom devolves the duty of appointing the eleven members of the executive committee of that organization, states that he will not be ready to announce his selections for at least ten days.

Wilbur S. Tupper, at one time president of the Pacific Mutual Life, has returned to the insurance business and has been appointed manager for Central California of the West Coast-San Francisco Life, with headquarters at Oakland. His territory will embrace twenty counties.

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ern part of the state a branch office has been opened by Commissioner J. E. Phelps at 215 Union League building, in this city, where the commissioner may be found Thursday, Friday and Saturday of the second and fourth week of every month.

R. L. and E. M. Ware have been appointed Los Angeles agents of the Safeguard Insurance Company of New York. A. L. Ware, who has been conducting the insurance agency which was formerly a department of the Guy M. Rush Company, has sold that business to C. L. Flack, lately of Riverside.

Judge M. T. Dooling of the United States District Court at San Francisco has issued a restraining order against the receiver of the Commonwealth Bonding and Casualty Company to prevent the removal of any assets of the concern from California. The order was issued on application of Mrs. A. Wagra of Sausalito. It is estimated that there are claims against the company in this state amounting to \$200,000.

"Peg Along"

They who read "Why Worry" will hardly fail to secure "Peg Along," by the same author. A book written by a doctor is usually supposed to be dry reading, but here is an exception. His chief advice seems to be to avoid extremes, mental and physical, and he illustrates his talks with many trite expressions and quotations, which greatly add to the interest. He tells how a thought may become a habit; and a habit become an obsession or mania. A chapter is devoted to the methods of those two greatest philosophers, Bacon and Franklin; the one born to the purple, with every educational and social advantage, and the other with almost none; proving that prolonged schooling is not necessary either for worldly success, as everyone knows, or for success in the realms of literature and practical philosophy. When a little modern slang fits the case, the author is not averse to using it, as, for instance, for the persistent fusser over trifles, he advises: "This rag is not worth chewing." To those who make too much of little things, he says: "This junk is not worth sorting." He tells how to correct one's missteps, of cares, anxiety, fretting, fuss, martyrism, over-insistence, etc. It is well worth reading, although the average person will probably not profit by what he reads. ("Peg Along." By George Lincoln Walton, M. D. J. B. Lippincott Co. Bullock's.)

Rabindranath Tagore has been knighted by King George.

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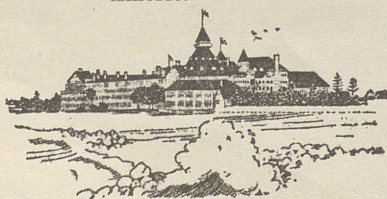
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IN its report to the State Superintendent
of Banks, called for October 16th, the
HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK shows an
increase in deposits over the last call, June
23d, from \$3,424,041.57 to \$3,719,527.25,
a gain of \$295,485.68.

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—The modish Russian and semi-Russian models, tailored and semi-tailored effects in the new semi-fitted lines—some flared or pleated at the waist line.

—Splendidly tailored garments of rich broadcloths, whipcords, serges and dark toned mannish mixtures.

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—Navy, brown, plum and mouse tones as well as black. \$39.50.

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—Copies and adaptations of imported models.

—Many with choker collars of fur, others with new flat collars, still others with mannishly cut tailored collars.

—The fabrics—elegant broadcloth, gabardines, novelty Scotch suitings, rough granite weaves, mannish mixtures and stripes. There are two-tone mixtures and stripes. Black, navy, brown, gray and plum shades. Uncommonly attractive suits in every way. \$49.50.

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